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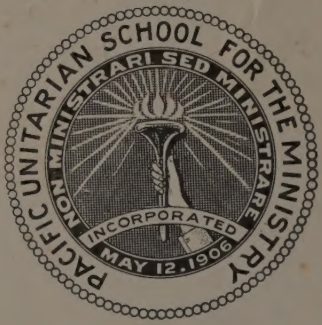


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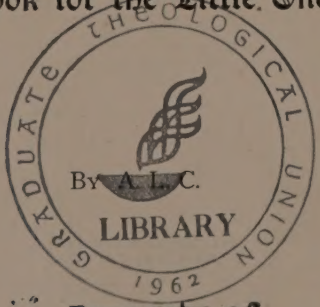
SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

OF LONDON, ENGLAND

# DO THE RIGHT

A Book for the Little Ones

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## SUGGESTIONS OF PICTURES AND OTHER OBJECTS WHICH WOULD BE USEFUL FOR ILLUSTRATING THE LESSONS.

Chap. I.—The little Captive Maid, or other picture illustrating the story of Gehazi.

Chap. II.—Teaching the Scriptures. An Eastern rolled book.

Chap. III.—View of Nazareth. Jesus in the carpenter's shop (Millais or Holman Hunt). Returning from Jerusalem. Pompeian soldier (Poynter) and Vesuvius.

Chap. IV.—Good Samaritan.

Chap. V.—Esau and Jacob, or any picture of Eastern life with tents and flocks and camels.

Chap VI.—David playing before Saul. A walled city. David and Jonathan.

Chap. VII.—Pharisees standing at the corners.

Chap. VIII.—David fighting the lion. Elijah and the priests of Baal.

Chap. IX.—Job.

Chap. X.—Eastern ablutions before prayer. Illustrations of 'Water Babies.'

Chap. XI.—Ten Virgins. A watch or clock.

Chap. XII.—Field of the sluggard. A piece of honeycomb. Picture of ant's nest.

Chap. XIII.—The creation. A pod of peas. Horse-chestnut bud. A small globe and other ball, to show how day and night and the seasons come to pass.

## TO MY FELLOW-TEACHERS.

WE, the Sunday school teachers of the present day, have an important work entrusted to us. When Sunday schools were first established, more than a hundred years ago, they were the only chance many scholars had of learning to read and write. Now the day schools do this and much more, and we are left free for the noblest part of the work of education, the teaching of religion; and, as we come to realise more deeply that this is our part, we shall try and train ourselves for it, and throw into it a more and more earnest spirit.

The longer I live, the more clearly I see that it is character that matters. There would be but little evil in the world if all men and women were truthful, fair, conscientious and kind; and it is the business of the Sunday school to help to bring this about. Where the home standard is high, the teacher has but to strengthen and help, but where unfortunately the home influence pulls against such teaching, it is worth while to put our best energy, our highest powers into it, sure that no good influence is ever useless, and that often the harvest is greater than we know.

With the little ones for whom this book is intended, our teaching must, I think, be purely moral; that is, we must keep before them the broad fact, 'you must do this because it is right, you must not do that because it is wrong.' The deeper motives of love to

God, and the responsibility of life, the religion which is the mainspring and sure foundation of good morals can come only when they are older; but it will not be likely to come at all if the preparation for it does not begin when the children are young.

And now may I say a few words about ways and methods of teaching.

We cannot do much without ideals and aspirations, or with them, without power to teach; and this power I believe though partly a natural gift, is more the result of experience and practice.

There are two essential points:—

1st. *Have a definite idea for each lesson;* know what it is you want to drive home on that particular afternoon.

2nd. *Keep your class in hand.*

In driving, if you drop the reins the horse bolts, or at any rate he does if he wants to, you can't stop him. So with a class, feel that you have the reins, not necessarily to be always tugging at them, but with sufficient grip to give the steady pull or turn the moment it is needed.

But I fancy I hear someone saying: 'Yes, that's all very well, but the children won't mind what I say.' It is difficult, I know, but there is a great deal of suggestion in the little story of the Sunday school boy who did not mind one teacher a bit, but when another teacher spoke to him, obeyed instantly, because 'we must do what he says, you know.'

With one teacher there was no firmness, no authority. The child knew this by instinct, as an animal would, but the other teacher meant to be obeyed, come what might. Do not be afraid to use your authority, always remembering, however, that shaking or scolding is not authority, but loss of temper, and makes no manner of impression on the child morally. Real authority is patient to the end.

Then make it easy for your class to be good; separate pairs who set one another on to mischief;

don't keep them doing nothing; give them pictures or things to look at; do not expect them to listen to you for long together without some variety; and, above all, as I said before, have clearly in your own mind what it is you want to teach them.

I have had two main objects in my mind in writing this book; one, to give such simple moral lessons as may recur to the children's mind and be a help in the hour of temptation; and the other, and less important one, to make them familiar not only with some of the Bible stories, but with the sort of life lived in these eastern lands; in order that they may, when older, take up the Bible with more interest and knowledge than is often the case.

Whether I have in any degree succeeded must be left for the future to decide; but it is in the hope of being of some little use to my fellow-teachers, and the children entrusted to them, that I have undertaken the task.

A.L.C.

Bridport,
*October*, 1897.

# DO THE RIGHT.

## INTRODUCTORY.

NOTE TO THE TEACHER.—This chapter, and the first part of the following ones, is not meant to be read round the class, but by the teacher, who should ask the questions, trying in every case to lead the children to give the answers in their own words. The stories, or at any rate the last one of each chapter, which is in simpler words for this purpose, should be read by the children, or if they cannot do this, they should follow it in their books while the teacher reads it. Pictures or objects illustrating the lesson should be brought by the teacher when possible. The hymn, or portion of one, from the Sunday school hymn book, is intended to be used for singing, or learning by heart.[1] Hymn 241 :—

Do the right! never fear—
Firmly stand with heart sincere.
Though the hosts of sin are near,
  Bravely do the right.
Though the foe may assail,
You can never, never fail;
But will in the end prevail,
  Bravely do the right.
    Do the right! never fear,
    Right will conquer over might!
    Do the right! never fear,
    Always do the right.

[1] The HYMN BOOK referred to throughout this book is 'The Sunday School Hymn Book,' published by the Sunday School Association.

Do the right while you live,
And it may be yours to give
Helping hand to those who strive
  Bravely for the right.
Look to him who was true,
Let his love your heart renew,
Follow him in what you do,
  Bravely for the right.
    Do the right, etc.

What is the name of this book?

There are good children and bad children.—Which of them do the right?

What do bad children do?

Which do we want, good or bad children?

Which must everyone of you try to be?

Even good children are naughty sometimes. When they have been so, how ought they to feel?

Tell me some things which all good children ought to do.

Now tell me some things which good children ought *not* to do.

Each chapter in this book tells us of something that we ought to do.

There are stories of children who did what they ought, and others of children who did what they ought not; and this book is meant to help you to be like the good ones. So if the temptation comes to you in your own lives to tell a lie, or to steal, or to do anything you ought not, I hope you will think of your Sunday lesson and 'Do the right.'

## CHAPTER I.

### BE TRUTHFUL.

Hymn 179 :—

THE still small voice that speaks within,
I hear it when at play,
I speak the loud and angry word
That drives my friend away.
The voice within, the voice within,
Oh, may I have a care ;
It speaks to warn from every sin,
And God has placed it there.

If falsehood whispers to my heart,
To tell a coward lie,
To hide some careless thing I've done,
I hear the sad voice nigh.
The voice within, etc.

I thank Thee, Father, for this friend,
Whom I would always heed ;
Oh may I hear the slightest tone
In every time of need.
The voice within, etc.

'Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are his delight.'—*Prov.* xii. 22.

What does an abomination mean?

What does it mean to delight in anything?

What is it, then, that God cannot bear?

What is it He takes pleasure in?

## THE STORY OF NAAMAN.

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, there lived in a country not far from Palestine, a great captain named Naaman. He was a brave and good man, but he had a most terrible illness called leprosy, which no one in his country knew how to cure.

Now it happened that when he and his army of soldiers had been to fight in the Holy Land, they had brought home with them to Damascus a little girl.

They made her a servant to the wife of this great captain, and though she was a little slave, and could not go home again when she wanted to, they must have been kind to her, for she grew fond of her new master, and was very grieved about this terrible disease which he suffered from.

One day, when she was waiting on her mistress, she said: 'Would my lord were with the prophet which is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy,' or to put it into easier words, in her old home there was a good man, who could cure her master if only he would go to him.

Someone went and told the king what the little girl said, and he listened, and wrote a letter to the king of Israel, asking him to cure his captain Naaman of his illness.

Naaman took the letter himself, riding in a chariot, which was the sort of carriage they used in those days, but which you will not see now, except perhaps in a circus.

When the king of Israel received the letter he was very much troubled. 'Why have they sent it to me?' he said, 'I cannot cure anyone.' Standing by him was the prophet Elisha. He was the man the little girl had meant. When he had heard the letter he said to the king, 'Why are you troubled, let Naaman come to me and I will show him how God can cure him.'

The king sent Naaman on to Elisha's house, but Elisha did not come out, he only sent him a message, saying: 'Go, bathe seven times in the river Jordan and you will be cured.'

Naaman, instead of being pleased, was very angry. He thought himself a great man, and was vexed that Elisha should have sent him a message instead of coming himself. He was vexed too to be told to bathe in the Jordan. He said, 'I have got rivers at home to bathe in, they are just as good as this.' He was going away offended, but after a little time he thought better of it, and went down to the river Jordan and bathed there and was cured. Then he rejoiced and felt very glad, and went back to Elisha to thank him, and to ask him to take a beautiful present he had brought for him, as a mark of his gratitude.

Elisha would not take it, he did not want to be paid for doing good, which I hope is the case with all of us. We should be pleased when we are able to help anyone and glad that we have the chance to do it.

When Naaman found that Elisha would not take it,

he set off to go back to his own land, not a leper as he was when he came, but well and strong.

Now Elisha had a servant named Gehazi. Elisha was a good, holy man, but Gehazi was not. He did not feel, as Elisha did, that it is best to do good without reward, he only thought if Naaman was willing to give a present, it was a pity to lose it. 'If Elisha will not have it, I will try and get it for myself,' he said.

This was a selfish, greedy thought, and as is always the case, if we do not take care, one bad thought leads to another.

This wanting to get what he had no right to, led him into telling a lie to get it. He ran after Naaman, overtook him, and said, 'My master sent me to say, that just as you left two young men came in, and he asks that you will give them some of the clothes you brought and a talent of silver.' A talent was a great lump weighing more than a hundred pounds.

Naaman gladly gave him the clothes, and two talents of silver,—more, you see, than he had asked, for he believed him, and thought it was really Elisha who had sent him, and that his story was true. What was it, really? What sort of man was Gehazi?

And we have not yet heard of all his untruthfulness. When he had taken the clothes and the silver home and hidden them away, Elisha called him and asked him where he had been.

He was ashamed to tell what he had really done, so he made bad worse by telling another lie: he said he had not been anywhere. Elisha knew this was not true, and was not deceived, but very troubled at Gehazi's sin, and he spoke very seriously to him about it.

Afterwards a terrible thing happened to Gehazi. He fell ill of the same disease that Naaman had been cured of, and was forced to leave his good master Elisha and live alone, lest he should give the disease to anyone else. The story ends there, and we do not know if Gehazi was sorry, but we must hope that he was, and that he really repented of the lies he had told and learnt to be truthful.

### TRUTH-TELLING.

ONCE a little girl came up to teacher in school and said: 'Please will you let me go home early this morning, for mother wants me.'

The teacher believed her and let her go; but next Sunday a message came from the little girl's mother saying: 'Please do not let Bessie come out of school unless I send a note to ask, for she gets down to the river with some children I do not like her to be with, and does not come home.'

Now what did that little girl tell?

And because she had told that lie, she could not be trusted to come home by herself, but her mother had to arrange that the bigger girl who had brought the message, and who was a neighbour, should see her home every day. I don't think any of you would have liked that, but if people do what is wrong, they must be punished for it.

Who can tell me what is the use of being punished.

No one likes to be punished, so punishment ought to make us careful not to do the same thing again.

## BABY'S FALL.

ONE day a little girl took her baby brother out in the perambulator.

Her mother told her to be very careful and not to leave him alone even for a minute, for he was a lively baby, and liked to stand up in his perambulator, and if she did not look after him well he might fall over.

Nellie was very careful for a time, but after a bit she saw a lovely tuft of primroses high up in the hedge.

Baby would like those she thought, and so would mother, and forgetting that mother would be far more pleased by her being obedient than with the flowers, she left baby and climbed up the hedge after the primroses.

She had only just got them when she heard a scream. There was baby lying in the road. He must have stood up to look after her and fallen over.

She was down the bank in a moment, and had picked baby up and hushed and comforted and put him back into his perambulator, but she was very frightened herself. 'What will mother say?' she kept thinking; 'I dare not tell her, she will be so angry.'

When she got home she said nothing at all about it and baby was too little to tell of her. That afternoon baby was very cross and cried a good deal.

Mother was anxious, for he was generally a very happy boy.

'What can be the matter with him? Was he good, Nell, while you were out with him, or did he cry then?'

'No, he was quite good,' said Nell; 'he did not cry at all.'

'I wonder what it is; did anything frighten or hurt him, or did he fall?'

'No, mother,' said Nell. 'I expect he is only cross, perhaps it is his teeth.'

Was that true? What was it?

Nell was a coward, she was afraid of being scolded, so she did what was very wrong.

Next day baby seemed so bad that mother wrapped him in a shawl and took him to a doctor.

The doctor looked at him and asked: 'Has he had a fall?'

'Not that I know of,' said mother.

'I believe he has,' said the doctor. 'It is very serious. You ought to have brought him to me at once. Take him home and put him to bed, and keep him very quiet in a dark room, and I will come and see him to-morrow.'

Mother carried him home and did as the doctor told her, and then she called Nellie. 'Nellie,' she said; 'the doctor tells me baby must have had a fall, and that that is what is making him ill. I am sure you are sorry to see baby suffer; now tell me the truth, has he had a fall?'

Nellie burst into tears: 'Oh, mother,' she said, 'I am so sorry.'—She could hardly speak for sobs, but little by little she told her mother all.

Baby was ill for many weeks, and all that time no one, not even mother, was so eager to do all that he wanted as Nellie.

Nothing seemed too much trouble to do for her darling little brother, and when, by and by, he got well and happy again, she did not forget; but if she

was tempted to be a coward and tell a lie to get out of being blamed, she would say to herself: 'No, Truth is best. If I had not told mother a lie about baby, she would have had the doctor before, and baby would not have been so ill. I will never tell a lie again as long as I live.'

## THE BROKEN JUG.

'OH, Maud, look at those lovely dolls. See that one with the hat and shoes. Would you not like to have her for your very own?'

Maud ran to see, and the two little girls stood side by side with their faces close against the glass of the shop window.

They looked with longing eyes, for they were poor little girls, and Maud had never had a doll of her own but once. That one was a penny doll made of wood, with black-paint hair, and these in the shop had real hair, and wax faces and arms and legs, and such lovely frocks; and by one was a little bed just the right size for her, with white sheets and a pillow, and on the other side a tiny chair and table, and little tea-things with roses on them. Maud did not know how to get away from the window, it was so nice.

Maud lived with her auntie, for her dear mother was dead, but Maud could remember someone who loved her very much, and would kiss her and play with her and call her her darling baby; and now, when auntie was cross, Maud would cry a little to herself and say, 'Oh, mother, I wish you had not died, or that father would come home again.'

Her father was a sailor, and he had been away so long that Maud could hardly remember him.

Maud was on her way to get the milk, and she had a jug in her hand. She was so taken up with looking in at the shop window, that she quite forgot this, and as someone walking quickly pushed by her, the jug fell to the ground and lay there with its handle broken off. What was poor Maud to do?

She picked up the jug and the handle with a sad face and fitted them together, but of course they would not stay. 'Oh dear, oh dear, auntie will be so cross,' and the big tears began to run down her cheeks.

'Don't tell her,' said Kate, 'then she can't be cross. See, I know what you can do; I have some putty in my pocket, stick the handle on with that, and put the jug up on the shelf, and she will not find out.'

'But that would be a lie,' said Maud.

'No, it would not, it would not be saying anything.'

'But it would be a lie all the same, for it would be to make her think it was not broken. I must tell her the truth,' and Maud set off home, wiping her eyes with her apron as she went.

'Auntie,' she said, 'I am so sorry'; and she held up the two parts of the jug.

'You careless child,' said her aunt; 'how did you come to do that?'

'I was looking at the dolls in the shop, and I quite forgot the jug.'

'How often have I told you, when I send you for anything, to go at once and not stay about. If you had done what you were told the jug would not have been broken.'

'Yes, I know,' said Maud; 'I am very sorry.'

'Well, I dare say you are, but that does not mend matters. I won't give you the stick this time, since you have told me the truth about it, but mind you don't do it again.'

'Auntie is kinder than I thought she would be,' said Maud to herself. 'I will mind another time; I wish I had money to get her another jug.'

Just then came a tap at the door. Maud went to open it, and who do you think it was?—why, her father come home from sea. It would take me too long now to tell you of all the stories he told Maud, and the things he had to show her; but when he brought out a jug for auntie which had come all the way from China, I think Maud was every bit as glad as when he gave her a lovely doll for herself.

## CHAPTER II.

### BE HONEST.

Hymn 169 :—

LET children to their God draw near,
With reverence and with holy fear;
Let every knee before Him bend—
Our Judge, our Father, and our Friend.

Far from our hearts, O Lord, remove
The evil thoughts that sinners love;
And give us wisdom, day by day—
To choose the strait and narrow way.

'Thou shalt not steal.'—*Exodus* xx. 15.

### THE JEWISH LAW.

YOU are taught the ten commandments in the day schools, they are very often written up in churches and chapels for everyone to see—in what book do we find them?

In the Old Testament or the New?

Every little Jewish child had to learn these commandments and others besides.

His father and mother were very anxious that he should know them well and never forget them.

On the doorpost of every Jewish house the two most important commandments are nailed up, and under them this text, 'Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.'

Every time the father went in at the door he was reminded of what he ought to teach his children.

There were no schools in those early days, the little Jewish boy or girl would play about all day long, until he or she got old enough to help father in the field or mother in the house, but though they might never be able to read or write, not even when they grew to be quite big, they were taught one thing, and taught it so well that they could never forget.

That was their law, the commandments which they ought to obey, if they were to grow up good men and women.

Their father taught them, on every day when he was not at work, but could sit in his house as the text on the doorpost said. In the morning when they got up, in the evening before they went to bed, when he could take the children out for a walk with him, then he would teach them, and make them say over to him what he had told them before.

From this you see how well every Jewish child was taught 'Thou shalt not steal.'

What do we call people who take what belongs to someone else?

What do we call people who never take what does not belong to them?

If you see a pencil or a book or a penny lying on the floor in school, what ought you to do?

### THE FLOWER GARDEN.

THERE was once a garden very close to the street, in which grew some pretty flowers.

Two little children came along and peeped over the railings.

'What pretty flowers,' said one.

'Oh, I must have some,' said the other. 'Is anyone looking?'

She peeped up the street and down the street, but she could see no one.

'You watch,' she said to the other child, 'while I go in,' and in she went and picked some in a great hurry, and then both little girls ran away as fast as they could.

Were the flowers theirs?

What had they been doing then?

Why was she afraid lest someone should see her?

### AN HONEST BOY.

ONE day a woman was going home from market. Her basket and her hands were so full of parcels that she did not see that she had dropped one little one, but a boy who was walking just behind saw it.

He stooped and picked it up.

The paper had broken a little bit, and he could see it was a packet of sweets, which I suppose the woman had bought for her children at home.

He would have liked to have kept it, for every boy and girl likes sweets, but was it his?

He knew what he ought to do, and he ran on, overtook the woman and said, 'This is your parcel, you did not see that you had dropped it.'

What sort of a boy was he?

## HOW JANE LEARNT TO BE HONEST.

ANNIE sat on the doorstep with the baby in her lap. The street was very quiet, for the children were in school, and not one person was to be seen whichever way you looked, only a dog who was half asleep, for it was very hot. Baby was asleep, and you might have thought Annie was, too, unless you looked close. But she was not really asleep, she was thinking.

The state of the case was this.

On Sunday the last pence must be paid for the day in the country, on which all the children were counting.

Annie had still three more pence to pay, and mother had said that morning, before she went out, that she did not know where they were to come from, for with father out of work so long she had no pence to spare for treats.

Annie had no money of her own, for she was not of an age to go to work. She went to school; but just today mother had kept her at home, for she had to go somewhere, and baby must be taken care of.

Annie turned it over and over in her mind. This was Friday. Sunday would soon be here. What could she do—and think as she would she could not tell.

Just then she looked up and saw a woman coming down the street.

She knew who it was quite well. It was Mrs. Brown, who kept the fruit shop just above. She looked hot and cross. 'Annie,' she said, 'my Bessie is ill. I don't know what ails the child, but she is so bad I have had to send her to bed, and I don't know which way to turn, what with the shop and the children to see to—Miss Mills wanted those plums to-night, and I have got no one to send with them. Can you take them?'

Annie looked at the clock.

'Mother will be home very soon now, I think, and then I should like to help you, Mrs. Brown. Why, there she is!' and Annie ran to meet her mother as fast as the big baby in her arms would let her.

'Mother, Mrs. Brown wants me to come and carry some plums for her. Bessie is ill. Can I go?'

'Yes, if you like. I am glad for you to be of use, and a run will do you good after sitting so long with baby.'

So mother took baby, and Annie went off with Mrs. Brown.

'You know where to go, don't you?' said Mrs. Brown, as she put the big basket into Annie's hand. 'It is a good way, but if you make haste I think you can be back in half-an-hour. Bring me in the basket as soon as you get back.'

'Here is the basket, Mrs. Brown,' said Annie, half-an-hour after. 'Can I do anything more for you?'

'No, thank you, child, not to-day, you look so hot and tired, but if you could come in again to-morrow morning I should be glad. Saturday is always a busy

day, with lots of things to send out, and if you can stay till dinner-time and do what I want I will give you threepence.'

Annie's eyes shone bright, she was so happy. A little while ago she had thought she could not go to the treat, and now she should have her threepence. She knew her mother would let her go, for she would be at home herself, and would spare her for half the day, and Annie would work twice as hard when she got home to make up.

You may be sure Annie went to Mrs. Brown's in good time next day, and was so willing and useful that at dinner-time, when Mrs. Brown gave her a silver threepence she said, 'You have earned it well, Annie. I do not know what I should have done without you.'

Annie felt very glad, for she liked to help, and besides she had got her money now, and she was prouder of having earned it herself than if mother had given it to her.

All the afternoon she worked hard for her mother, and when she went to bed she did not lie long awake you may be sure, but was so tired that she fell asleep at once.

Next morning she jumped up and got ready for Sunday school, and was off in good time, with her silver threepence in a little bit of paper in the same hand as her hymn book.

As she ran along she saw Jane—a little girl who went to the same school, and the two went on together talking as they went.

'Only four days now to the treat,' said Jane.

'Yes, won't it be fun? I do want to go in a train. I never have. Have you?'

'Of course I have. I went to stay with my aunt last summer.'

'Oh, I forgot, so you did, but that was in London. You could not pick any flowers, and teacher says there are lots where we are going. I mean to bring home such a big bunch to mother.'

'They will all be dead before you get home, I shall not bother with them, besides they are in the way. You don't know where to put them while you swing.'

'Oh, are there swings?'

'Yes, but you have to pay a penny for them, and there are sure to be people with sweets to sell too. I wonder what mother will give me to spend.'

'What did you have last year?'

'I had sixpence, but mother says I can't have so much now. I shall keep on about it, though, and perhaps she will give it to me.'

'But it is wrong to tease,' said Annie.

'I always do,' said Jane. 'What will your mother give you?'

'Nothing, I expect. You know father is out of work, and I should not have had the money to go at all if I had not earned it.'

'How did you earn it?'

'Mrs. Brown wanted someone to carry her fruit, for Bessie is ill.'

'What did you get?'

'Threepence, such a bright, new threepence. It was just what I wanted to make up my money. I will show it to you.'

So saying she opened her hand, but the paper was empty, the little threepence had slipped out.

'Oh dear, dear, what can have become of it? I had it when I began to talk to you I know. Do come back and help me to find it."

Jane ran back with her, and both little girls looked about, on the path and in the gutter, till at last Annie said in a sad voice, 'It is of no use, we must go on now. I do not think we shall find it if we look all day. If we stay any more we shall be late for school, and I have not been late once yet.'

'You run on,' said Jane. 'I have been late so many times I do not care. I will look a little more.'

'Annie ran and got in just in time. Soon after Jane came in and sat down in her class, which was on the other side of the room.

Annie looked across at her as much as to say, 'Have you found it?' but Jane did not seem to see her.

Annie could hardly keep from crying, and when the time came to pay in the money and she was asked if she had got hers, she could bear it no longer, and burst into tears.

'What is the matter, Annie?' said her teacher, kindly.

Then Annie told her all, how she had earned the threepence herself, and how she had lost it on the way, and now she could not go to the treat.

Just then a tiny noise was heard, something dropped on the floor and came rolling towards Annie's feet. It was a silver threepence.

'Who dropped that?' said the teacher.

'It was Jane,' said two or three girls at once.

'Oh Jane, is it my threepence?' said Annie. 'Did you find it after I came on? It must be, for you said you had no money.'

'Jane, come here,' said Annie's teacher. 'Did you find the theepence?'

'Yes,' said Jane, very low.

'Then why did you not come and give it to Annie? You saw how she was crying.'

Jane did not speak, so the teacher went on,

'I hope you did not mean to keep it, that would not have been honest.'

Then Jane began to cry. 'I did not mean it at first,' she said.

'Come tell me all about it. When did you find it?'

'After Annie had gone on. I saw it in the mud and picked it up.'

'But why did you not come and give it to Annie when you got here?'

'I don't know. I did mean to. But I wanted something to spend at the treat, and I thought she would never know.'

'Oh Jane, I did not think you would have been so dishonest, and so unkind to poor Annie too. Do you not see how wrong it was?'

But Jane was crying too much to speak.

'I shall have to talk to the other teachers about this and see what is to be done. I do not think we can let you go to the treat, for you must be made to remember this, and I hope it will be a lesson to you all your life never to take what is not yours.'

'Oh teacher,' said Annie, 'please do not keep Jane away from the treat. I am sure she will

remember without that. I do not think she will do it again.'

'Well, Annie, I must see. I will speak to Jane again when school is over.'

Do you want to know if Jane went to the treat?

Yes, she did, but she could not be so happy as the others, for it seemed to her as if everyone must think, as they looked at her—there is that thief Jane. She could not forget it, and over and over again she said to herself. 'I will never do it again.'

And she kept her word.

Whenever she wanted to take what was not hers the thought of Annie's threepence came into her mind, and she stopped, and so grew up to be an honest girl.

## CHAPTER III.

### BE OBEDIENT.

Hymn 275 :—

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Maker's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways !

Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

Lord ! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

'And he went down with them and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.'—*Luke* ii. 51.

DO you know of whom these words were said ?
What were the names of his father and mother ?
What does it mean to be subject to them ?
Where did Jesus live when he was a child ?

Nazareth is a little town in a hollow on the hill-side, high up above the Lake of Galilee. Its houses are very white, and all round the town are gardens and green grass and fig and olive trees, with hedges of a plant called prickly pear, which has great thick leaves covered with prickles, through which no one can push their way. From the hill above the town you can see a long way as you know you mostly do from a hill top, over miles and miles of country, to the blue Mediterranean sea on one side, and over flat low land on another, with little hills all round the town, and big hills far away in the distance, one of them with snow upon its top even in summer.

Just below the town is a well or spring, where all the women go with their great pitchers on their heads to fetch water for their houses, and where Jesus most likely often went, running by the side of his mother, and played with the other children who had come with their mothers, while the women drew the water, and then sat in the shade chatting and resting.

But we may be quite sure that as soon as Mary was ready to go home, Jesus would leave his play and come too, for he was subject to her, that means he was obedient.

What trade was his father?

We are told, though not in the Bible, that when Jesus grew bigger he worked in his father's workshop making, not tables and chairs, for they were not used in the houses of that eastern land, but most likely yokes for the oxen, and ploughs.

We know hardly anything of what Jesus did when he was a boy, but the text at the beginning of this

chapter tells us that he was obedient to his father as well as to his mother, so we may be sure that whatever work his father set him to do, he did it without grumbling or arguing about it, and was cheerful and willing to do as he was told.

## THE POMPEIAN SOLDIER.

THERE is an old story which tells us how a soldier was on guard before the gate of a town. The duty of a soldier, you know, is to do exactly what his officers tell him, and if he does not he is punished severely.

The order given to this soldier was that he was to stand and guard that gate until a certain hour, when another soldier would be sent to take his place.

Before the time came, however, something terrible happened.

The town was just under the burning mountain of Vesuvius. You may some of you have seen pictures of this mountain, with smoke and flame coming out of the top. It is fortunate for us that there are no such mountains in England, for they are very dangerous. They will often stay quiet for many years, and then there will be a great rumbling noise, and the ground shakes, enough sometimes to shake the houses down, and out of the mountain top comes stuff which looks like mud, but it is boiling hot, and showers of ashes and stones, covering up everything and burying houses and trees and fields under them.

This was what happened to this town of Pompeii on the day when the soldier was set to guard the gate.

Nearly everyone ran to get away from the danger, but he stood still, and long afterwards when people came back to dig away the ashes and see what was left in the houses, they found the soldier still where he had been told to stand, but quite dead, smothered by the ashes.

Why had he not run away like the other people?

What do we say then that he was?

## THE KING'S SERVANT.

HERE is another little story for you.

There was once a king who wanted a servant. Numbers of people offered to come, but the king wished to be sure that whomever he took would be obedient to him, so he thought of a way to try them.

He chose two men, and giving them each a basket, told them to go to a well in the garden, to draw up the water in the bucket and pour it into their baskets, and to go on doing this until the well was empty. The men went and began to do as they were told, but you know what happens when you put water into a basket, and after pouring in three bucketsful, one of the men said, 'This is stupid work. It cannot be of any use to any one to pour water into a basket which can never get full. I shall leave off and go home.' But the other man said, 'The king told us to do it. We do not know the reason, but it is our duty to do as we are told,' and he went on, bucket after bucket, pouring the water into the basket, and every time of course it ran out and left the basket empty.

At last he looked into the well and saw that he was

drawing up the last bucketful, and very muddy it was. He poured it into his basket, and as the water ran off something was left. Mud, you will say. Yes, and something in the mud, a beautiful diamond ring. Now the man saw the use of what he had been doing. The king had dropped his ring into the well, and it was not to fill the baskets with water as the first man thought, but to find the ring that they had been set this task.

The king would not tell them his reason, because he wanted to see if they would be obedient, and you will all know which man he took to be his servant, and why.

Now it often happens to you children that you do not understand why mother tells you to do, or not to do, some particular thing. One day a mother and her little girl went to visit some friends. There were children there about the same age as the little girl, and one of their story books lay on the table. It had a bright red cover with a picture on it and looked very interesting.

The little girl went to the table and took up the book.

'Put that book down,' said her mother.

The little girl looked surprised, for she could not see that she was doing any harm, but she was obedient. She put the book down and went away.

Soon after her birthday came, and mother, as she wished her many happy returns of the day, gave her a parcel. When she opened it she found the same book as she had seen lying on the table.

'Now,' said her mother, 'you see why I told you not to look at that book. Those children told me they were so fond of it that I made up my mind to buy you

one like it for your birthday, and if you had read it then you would not have cared so much for it now.'

So even if you do not understand why you are told to do a thing by mother or father or teacher, what ought you to do?

When you are older you will see more of the reasons, but now when you are little you must believe that older people know best what you ought to do, and you should obey willingly and cheerfully.

## DISOBEDIENT KITTY.

MRS. Puss and Kitty lay in the sun outside the door. Mrs. Puss was old and grave, and liked to lie still, but Kitty was for ever on the move.

Now she would be running round and round after her own tail, which of course she could not catch. Then she would dart off after a leaf which the wind blew along the path, but before she got there she had changed her mind again, and ran back to her mother and gave her a pat, as much as to say, 'do have a game of play.'

The house door opened, and the woman who lived there came out with some milk.

Miss Kitty was by her side in a moment, setting up her tail and looking up, saying as plainly as if she could speak, 'do give me some of that milk.' The woman put the milk down by old puss, who woke up and began to lap it, and Kitty put her head in at the other side and got her share too.

The woman stroked both puss and kitty, for she was very fond of them both. She had no little children of

her own, so she made great pets of her cats, and Mrs. Puss looked as if she were taken great care of, she was so fat and her fur was so soft. She was fond of her mistress too, she would follow her like a dog, when she went down the garden to hang out the clothes, or to the gate to take in the bread from the baker, and when the milkman came puss knew that some of the milk was for her as well as a child could, and was sure to be on the spot.

When she had put down the milk, the woman went to the flower bed and began to pick flowers, forget-me-nots and wallflowers and pansies, and every time she put down her hand to pick one, kitty thought it was a game for her and ran at her fingers, but not to hurt her, her claws were drawn in and her foot was quite soft as she gave her little pats.

When she had got a big bunch, the woman took them into the house, and soon came out again with her bonnet on and the flowers just peeping out of a basket she had on her arm. She locked the door and put the key in her pocket. Mrs. Puss got up slowly and walked behind her mistress to the gate. The mistress stooped and patted her. 'Good-bye, puss,' she said, 'I hope you and kitty will get on all right while I am gone.' Kitty had stopped to look at a snail, and wonder what it was; but now she ran down the path like a shot, and was out of the gate and after the woman before her mother knew where she was.

'Go back, kitty,' said the woman; but kitty walked on with her tail in the air, as much as to say, 'I don't care.' She was so close behind her mistress, that she could not be seen, and the woman thought she had gone home as she was told.

Miss Kitty was very pleased, she had never been so far before, and there were many things to see, but she soon got tired of walking straight on and stopped to look at some little ducks in the ditch.

'Quack, quack,' they said, as they got out of the water one after another, and waddled off all in a row.

'I wonder where they are going,' thought kitty, 'I will go and see.'

The ducks crept under a gate. After them she went, and found herself in a field.

'What a big place,' she said, 'I wonder if there is any end to it; I will find out.'

She ran on till she came to a hedge. Before the hedge were five little bunnies feeding, but as soon as they saw kitty coming, there were only five little white tails to be seen, and then they too were gone into some holes in the bank. Kitty ran after them, but as she came under the hedge—what was that? Snap went something; she felt a sharp pain in her foot and could not move it. Poor kitty was caught in a trap.

Ah! then she wished she had never come, that she had done what she was told and gone back, but it was too late now.

She tried at first to get free, but it was no use, so she lay still.

The sun went down, and she was hungry and there was nothing to eat, and by and by it got quite dark and so cold and wet. Poor kitty thought she would have died, and she often said to herself, 'if only I get home again I will always do as I am told.'

At last morning came. It was good to see the sun, but still she could not get out. Soon she saw a girl

coming over the field with a milk can in one hand and a stool in the other. She was going to milk the cows.

Kitty cried out as loud as she could. The girl stopped to listen, and kitty cried again.

'It must be a cat,' said she, and setting down her can and stool she went along under the hedge, looking about till she saw kitty.

'Poor kitty,' she said, 'can I let you out I wonder?' She tried to undo the trap, but at first she could not, it was so stiff.

Kitty lay still and licked her hand, for she knew she was trying to help her; and soon the trap was open and kitty was free to go.

The girl picked her up and carried her to the gate, and set her down in the road. 'I do not know where your home is,' she said, 'but I hope you do.'

Kitty held up her bad paw, and hopped along on the other three as well as she could, till she got to her own garden gate, which was open, and soon her mother was licking her all over and saying, 'Oh, my poor kitty, where have you been? I could not sleep all last night for thinking what could have become of you.'

Then the woman came out. 'Why, kitty,' she said, 'I have been so unhappy about you, I looked all over the garden and everywhere. Poor thing, you must have been in a trap,' and she picked kitty up and took her into the house, and washed her foot with warm water, and gave her some milk to drink, and made her up a little bed by the fire. Kitty was glad to lie still and safe and warm.

'Oh, mother,' she said; 'if only I had done what I was told, I should not have got into the trap.'

## CHAPTER IV.

### BE HELPFUL.

Hymn 139 :—

GOD made my life a little light,
Within the world to glow.
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.
Oh Father help thy children—
Do Thou our footsteps guide;
We walk in peace and safety
While keeping at thy side.

God made my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbour best.
Oh Father, help thy children.

'Love thy neighbour as thyself.'—*Luke* x. 27.

### THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

IN the days when Jesus lived, some of the roads in the Holy Land were not at all safe for people to travel on. Cruel, wicked robbers would hide themselves in caves or behind rocks, and jump out on anyone who

came by and steal his clothes and his money. Perhaps if he struggled against them they would knock him down, and leave him lying in the road, too hurt to get up by himself. This, we read in the parable of the Good Samaritan, was what happened to a man on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho.

Not many people passed along there, and the poor man lying in the dust, must have watched eagerly for someone who would come and help him.

Presently a priest passed.

You would have thought that he would have been sure to come and do what he could, but no, he kept on the other side of the road and passed by. Perhaps he thought the robbers might come back, perhaps he only thought of the trouble it would be; anyhow he was not helpful, he thought only of himself, and not of how sad it was for the poor man to be lying there, hurt and lonely.

It was just the same with the next man who came by, he too, passed by on the other side.

Then came a third. He was very different. He did not think of the danger to himself, but only of how he could help this stranger who was so much in need of it.

He went and knelt down in the road beside him, bound up his wounds, and then, because he was too faint and weak to walk, set him on his own beast (we are not told if it was a horse or a donkey) and walked by the side of him till they came to an inn.

Here he told the landlord of the inn to take care of him, and pulling out his purse he gave him two pence to pay for whatever the poor man might want.

A penny would not go very far nowadays in paying for the care of a sick man, though you all know how many things you can do with a penny when you can get one, but then it was much more valuable. It was a whole day's wages, so this good Samaritan gave two days' wages to have this poor stranger taken care of.

Besides this he said, 'If you want more than that I will give it to you when I pass this way again.'

Jesus told this story to teach the lesson of being kind to one another.

A man had come up to Jesus asking him what he ought to do to inherit eternal life, or to put it in other words, to be good enough for heaven. Jesus told him he must love God and his neighbour, and when the man asked him who he meant by his neighbour, Jesus told him this story.

What do you mean by a neighbour?

Not quite the same as Jesus did, but perhaps you have heard the expression, being neighbourly, and by that we *do* mean what Jesus meant, that is, lending a helping hand wherever it is wanted.

Jesus ended up his story by saying, 'Go thou and do likewise,' showing that he meant it as a lesson and an example, and it is one which we all ought to try and follow, always being ready to be kind to everyone and help them all we can.

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I remember once meeting a little girl who was carrying a big pail of water. It was almost more than she could manage, but she looked very cheerful over it, although it was so heavy.

'Where are you taking that big pail?' I said.

'It is for the poor old woman up the road,' she replied. 'She cannot fetch the water herself now, she is so lame, so I do it for her.'

That little girl was helping her neighbour, and if you have any neighbours who are too old or too ill to do much for themselves, you may often be very useful in running errands for them.

But more often the ones who want helping are in our own homes.

Think how many things even quite a little girl can do to help mother.

See how many things you can tell me?

Besides the things you can *do* there is another way of helping. I mean by not fretting and teasing or being noisy and quarrelsome.

If mother is tired or poorly you don't know now, though you will perhaps some day, how much it helps her to have a cheerful, quiet, obedient child about, instead of a sulky, rough, disobedient one.

Then at school there are often ways in which you can help teacher, by keeping still and minding what she says, by not saying, 'I don't want to do this,' or talking to the child next you when teacher is talking, and then sometimes you can fetch the books, or help to put them away. There are plenty of ways of helping if you only look out for them. I know a little girl who every Christmas since she was four years old has gone to help her auntie to pack up her Christmas presents and carry them to the different people's houses. She says, 'I am being really useful, am not I?' She likes to help, and I hope each one of you is a helper now as far as you can be and will be a better one as you grow older and bigger.

## HOW THE CHILDREN HELPED.

'MRS. Pearce, you are wanted,' shouted a boy, putting his head in at the open door.

'Mother's in the wash-house,' said a little girl who was sitting by the fire minding baby, 'shall I call her?'

'Yes, look sharp, your father's fallen off the ladder, and they are bringing him home.'

Bessie flew to the back. 'Mother, mother,' she cried, 'come here, come quick.'

Mrs. Pearce ran out with her hands all wet from the tub, wiping them in her apron as she ran.

'What is it, child?—can't you speak?'

'Father, father's hurt,' gasped Bessie.

There was no need to say more, nor did her mother stop to listen, for the kitchen door was pushed open and her father was carried in and laid on the floor.

A lot of people pressed in after, and the clean, tidy kitchen was soon wet and dirty from many feet, and noisy from many tongues, all asking how it happened, or telling what they should do. No one had a thought for Bessie, and shocked at the sight of her father lying there so white and still she ran out and joined the other children, who were hanging round the door to see what could be seen.

'Here's the doctor.'

'No, it isn't.'

'Yes, it is,' shouted the children, as a carriage drove quickly up.

The doctor jumped out and pushing his way through the crowd, he passed quickly into the kitchen. It seemed a weary time to Bessie as she waited. She

could hear moving about inside the house, now and then a word or two, then a sound of something heavy being taken upstairs. Then all was quiet again, till she was startled by someone speaking to her.

'What is it, Bessie? they told me father was dead, surely it can't be true.'

'No, I don't think he's dead, but Eva, he looks dreadful, I could not bear to stay.'

'You silly child, it's our own father, why should you be afraid, besides we might be some help. Come along, I am going in.'

Bessie got up and followed her sister, and both stood quietly just inside the door, for the doctor was in the kitchen talking to their mother.

'Are these your girls?' he said, as he saw them.

'Yes, sir.'

'Then you can send one of them up to my house in half-an-hour for the stuff I spoke of. I will come again to-night,' and taking up his hat he went out.

'Why, Eva,' said mother, 'how is it you are out at this time of day?'

'They let me out when the news was brought to the mill, and I have run all the way. Is father very bad? How did it happen?'

'I don't rightly know, he does not say much, but the doctor told me it must be months before he will work again, even if he ever does. Oh dear, dear, to think he should be brought home like this, and he so well and strong this morning, and winter at hand, too. I don't know what will become of us all,' and sitting down in the low chair by the fire she began to cry.

'Don't fret, mother,' said Eva. 'God will take care

of us, and *we* will do all we can. My money is something, you know.'

'Yes, child, but not much amongst so many. There! I know it's wrong to give away. Go up and see your father if you like, only don't ask too many questions, the doctor says he must be kept quiet.'

Eva and Bessie crept up the narrow staircase. Their father lay in bed, very white and with his face set as if in pain, but when he saw them he called them to him.

'It's a bad job, lassies.'

'Does it hurt you much, father?'

'Not so bad as it did, I thought an hour ago I should never see my little girls again.'

'Oh father! but the doctor hopes you will get well, and you must not worry. We will do all we can to help.'

'Yes, I know you will, you have always been good girls. Poor mother, it's hard on her, but the Lord will provide, and we must trust.'

'I don't see what I can do, father,' said Bessie. 'I'm too little, I can't go to the mill like Eva.'

'Where there's a will there's a way,' said her father, and he shut his eyes as if the pain were too bad to let him say more.

'Bessie,' called her mother, from below.

'Yes, mother.'

'Go and fetch the little ones from school and bring them back as quick as you can, for then I shall want you to go to the doctor's for father's stuff.'

'Shan't I go, mother?' said Eva.

'No, I want you here.'

Bessie took down her hat from the nail and shut the door behind her.

It was the first time she had been for the little ones, for though many little girls of Bessie's age would have thought nothing of it, Bessie was a shy, timid child, and had not much power over her noisy little brother and sister.

But now father's words kept ringing in her ears, 'where there's a will there's a way,' and as she ran on her thoughts were busy.

'I can't earn money like Eva, she's the only one of us who is old enough to go to work, but I suppose it is helping just as much if I can do mother's work, and so let her nurse father. At any rate it is something.'

When Bessie reached the school she found that it was already over, and the little ones were waiting, wondering where mother could be.

When they saw only Bessie they looked cross. 'Where's mother? I want mother,' said Freddy.

Bessie felt angry, but she kept it down and only said, 'Mother couldn't come, poor father fell off the ladder, and oh, Freddy, he is so bad. Freddy must be a good boy and come with Bessie to-day.'

Freddy let Bessie take him by one hand and Nell by the other, and for a little way all went well, but soon they came to a toy shop and here he stopped. Bessie tried every way to get him on, but nothing would do. She could have slapped him but for the thought that mother would be vexed.

Just as she was almost in despair she heard a cheery voice behind her, 'Why Freddy man, what's the matter —can't get him home, Bessie? Where's mother?'

'Oh, Ben, haven't you heard about father?'

'No, what? I'm only just out of school.'

So Bessie told him, and in a moment Freddy was up on his brother's shoulder and the little party were again on their homeward way.

That evening when the little ones had been put to bed and mother was with father, the four eldest children gathered round the fire—Eva, Ben, Tom, and Bessie.

'Mother and I were talking things over while you were out this morning, Bessie,' said Eva. 'I must go to work of course, for I am the only one that can, and there's my jacket money, too, that will pay the rent for this week and next.'

'Oh, Eva, and you were going to get your jacket this week. You said you would not go to school again in the old one.'

'I must I suppose,' sighed Eva. 'Mother wants every penny now. Then as soon as father is a little better mother thinks Bessie can do at home, and she must go out washing.

'What, see to father. I should be afraid, and the little ones are so tiresome without mother,' and Bessie's eyes filled with tears.

'Why, Bessie, cheer up,' said Ben. 'Of course the little ones won't mind a cry-baby. Where there's a will there's a way, you know.'

'That's what father said,' replied Bessie, 'so I suppose it is true, and I am sure I want to help.'

'Then you will soon find the way. I tell you what I mean to do. Miss Brown wants a boy to clean the boots and knives. She asked me, and I said I went to

school still, but if I get up an hour earlier I think I could do it.'

'You never will, Ben, it's work enough to get you up in time for school.'

'Well, I must turn over a new leaf, that's all. You shall see. I will go up and see her about it to-morrow, and as it is Saturday Tom and I can go on to Patley Wood. There are some blackberries ripe there I know, and may be we can pick enough to sell by dinnertime.'

Tom's face fell. 'I'm going fishing to-morrow with Ned, he asked me.'

'Ned can get plenty more boys to go with him,' said Ben. 'We must do all we can now without thinking of what we like.'

'Well, then, I will,' said Tom, and as they went off to bed each little head was full of the thought of how to help most.

Four months passed by and Christmas came. There could not be much of a merry-making for the little Pearces, for in spite of all they could do it had been a hard time, and there was no money to spare, but one great treat was planned for that day. Father was to go out for the first time, and if the Christmas dinner was less than last year, did it not make up for all to have father walking with them to chapel once more, even though he did need Ben's arm to lean on?

'This is better than I once thought it would be,' said father. 'At first I did not think to walk again, but here I am, and God has provided for us somehow.'

'The children have done bravely,' said mother; 'without them I think we should have been spending our Christmas in the Union.'

'Yes, but the hard times are nearly at an end now, I hope, for, please God, I shall be back to work in a few weeks more.'

'But I shall keep my place, father, shan't I?' said Ben. 'There is still the doctor to pay, and I don't feel it a bit hard to get up now.'

'We have all of us learnt something from this trouble I think,' said mother. 'There is a silver lining to every cloud, and I am sure, father, with God's help, it is the children who have made ours.'

## CHAPTER V.

### BE FAIR.

Hymn 189:—

O SEND thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion Lord
But keep my conscience clear.

'Such as are upright in their way are His delight.' —*Proverbs* xi. 20.

NOTICE that the word His begins with a capital letter. Who does it mean? Who then are the people who give God pleasure or delight? What does it mean to be upright in their way?

### THE STORY OF ESAU AND JACOB.

IN Genesis we read of two brothers, whose names were Esau and Jacob.

Their home was in the country where most of the people we read of in the Bible lived, and which is

sometimes called Canaan, sometimes the Holy Land, sometimes Palestine.

It was long, long ago, and their life was a very different one to ours in many ways.

They lived in tents.

You have seen a tent I expect. Would you like to live in one instead of a house?

But the Holy Land was a dry, hot country, and they found the tents quite comfortable. If you could have looked inside one you would have seen that it was divided into two, one side for the women and children, the other for the men.

There was no furniture, no tables and chairs, only mats and cushions for beds, and a few pots and plates for their food.

These people had great herds of cattle, cows, and sheep, and goats, and their chief work was to look after these animals.

There were hardly any rivers in this country, and when the springs ran dry and they could get no more water for their cattle from them, they took up their tents, collected all their cattle, put the women and children, the tents and clothes, and all that they had, on camels, and moved on to another place where there was fresh water and grass.

The father was always the leader. When they had come to a place which would be good for them to stay at, he struck his lance into the ground, and then all the other people, wife, children, and servants, got down, and the tents were put up again, everything was unpacked, and there they settled down to stay as long as the water lasted.

This was the sort of life which Esau and Jacob would lead.

In the 27th chapter of Genesis we read that their father Isaac had got to be a very old man, and almost blind. He thought the time would soon be coming when he should die, and his eldest son Esau would have to take his place as leader and master, and have all the flocks and herds instead of him.

One day he called Esau and told him to take his bow and arrows and go out hunting, and bring him in a stag to make savoury meat, the food that he loved.

When Esau had done this he would give him his blessing, and declare that he should take his father's place and be master, and his brother and all the others should look to him to lead them and do what he told them.

Esau took his bow and arrows and went to hunt, but as soon as he was gone, his mother, Rebekah, who had heard what his father said, called the younger son Jacob to her.

Jacob was her favourite, and she wanted him to be master instead of Esau, and in order to bring this about she did what was very wrong, she cheated poor blind Isaac.

She said to her son Jacob: 'Go out to the flock of goats and bring me in two kids. I will make the sort of savoury meat your father likes, and you shall take it in to him. He will think it is Esau, and give you everything.'

Now Jacob did not say as he ought to have done: 'No, it would be wrong to deceive my father.' He was only afraid of being found out.

Is that what he ought to have been afraid of?

He said: 'My brother Esau has hairy hands, and mine are smooth, perhaps my father will feel my hands, and then he will know.'

But his mother had thought of a way to manage that; so Jacob went and fetched the kids, and when he came back his mother dressed him in his brother Esau's clothes, and tied some pieces of goat's skin on his hands to make them seem hairy.

Then Jacob took the meat to his father and said: 'My father;' Isaac answered: 'Here am I; who art thou, my son?' And Jacob told him a lie and said: 'It is Esau.'

Jacob was puzzled. He thought Esau could not have got back so soon, and besides, it was Jacob's voice, so he said: 'Come near, I pray thee, that I may feel thee, whether thou be my very son Esau or not.'

When Jacob came near he felt his hairy hands, he knew Esau's clothes, and he was satisfied that it must be Esau, so he blessed him, telling him that he should have everything, that everyone should serve him, that his brother should obey him, in fact that he should be in his father's place.

Jacob had hardly gone away when Esau came back. When he had prepared the meat he brought it to his father, and said: 'Let my father arise and eat, and bless me.'

Isaac asked in surprise: 'Who art thou?' and Esau answered: 'I am Esau.'

Then Isaac trembled and said: 'Who was it then who has just been here and brought me meat, and I blessed him; yea, and he shall be blessed. Your

brother came with guile (or as we should say, cheating), and hath taken away thy blessing.'

Esau wept, and begged his father to give him something too, and his father comforted him as best he could, though he could not change what he had done. Esau was very angry with Jacob. He did not dare to do anything to him just then, for he knew it would grieve his father, but he kept the hatred in his heart, and said: 'When my father dies then I will kill Jacob.'

Rebekah heard this, and she told Jacob, saying: 'You had better go away for fear of your brother's anger; go to my brother, your uncle, and stay with him a little while till your brother shall have got less angry.'

Jacob went, but it is always true that no one can do what is wrong without suffering for it, and instead of coming back in a short time he was afraid, and it was many years before he dared come back. When he did his father and mother were both dead, so he never saw them again, and although Esau seems quite to have forgotten how badly Jacob had behaved to him, and came to meet him with pleasure, Jacob was still afraid, and made excuses to get away from his brother. He could not believe that he had really forgiven him.

He had lost all the happiness which would have come from living at home with the love of his father, mother, and brother, and if he got anything of what his father left, it can only have been when he came back, long years afterwards.

We cannot help feeling glad that he did not get anything from his cheating, because he did not deserve it. He had not done what was fair and upright.

Often and often little children nowadays are tempted to do what is not fair. Sometimes it is in their play, sometimes in their lessons, sometimes, when they are bigger, in their work.

If you are choosing partners for a game of play, which will you choose, the one who plays fair, or the one who cheats? You know that cheating spoils a game, and it is even worse to cheat over lessons or work.

Two little boys were sitting next to one another on the school bench. They had each a hard sum to do. One of them knew how to do it, but the other looked and looked at his slate and could not understand it.

Presently, when teacher was not looking, he managed to wriggle round and copy down what was on the other boy's slate.

Was that fair?

One day a prize was offered at school for the best drawing.

When the day came and all the drawings were set out to be judged, one was much better than the others, and to that one the prize was given, but the child who sent it in did not say that father had done part of it.

Was that fair?

All children ought to be fair and true in all their actions, true in deed as well as in word. If we could but trust everyone not to cheat how good it would be. In the following story you will see what a difference there is between fair and unfair ways of doing business, and how much better it is not to cheat.

## THE LITTLE MERCHANTS.

THERE is a pretty story, which I used to read when I was a child, called the little merchants. It tells of two little boys who lived in Italy. Their names were Francesco, or as we should call him Frank, and Pedro or Peter.

Francesco's father was a gardener, an honest, hard-working man, who taught his son to be so also. Pedro's father was a fisherman, but a lazy, dishonest fellow, and poor little Pedro had never been taught that it was wrong to cheat and tell lies.

One day Francesco went to the market to sell some fruit for his father. Italy is such a sunny country, that fine fruit grows there of which you would hardly know the names. Francesco was standing behind the stall in the market, when an English servant came up. He wanted to buy some fruit for his master, who was ill, and had come all the way from England to see if the warm sun would make him well again. This servant, whose name was Arthur, chose a melon, and was just putting down the money for it, when Francesco took it out of his hand, and turning it round, showed him that it was bad on the other side.

It was the only one he had left, so for that morning he lost the chance of selling his fruit. Pedro thought this very stupid of him, for you know poor little Pedro had never been taught to be honest.

He was in the market with a basket of fish to sell. These fish had been left from the day before, and were not fresh and good.

Most people who looked at them knew this and

would not buy them; but soon Arthur came by. He did not know much about fish, and when he asked, 'Are they fresh?' and Pedro said 'Yes, quite fresh, caught not an hour ago,' Arthur thought he spoke the truth, and bought them.

This was not all, for the money in Italy is not the same as our shillings and pence, it is not worth so much, but Pedro told him that it was, and got more money for his stale fish, than he ought to have had, if it had been quite fresh.

Pedro thought he had been very clever, but do you think he did right?

I think he was very like Gehazi. He told a lie, and then another, and he got something he wanted by it, as Gehazi got the present from Naaman; but besides being very wrong, it soon brought trouble on him.

Next day, Pedro went again to market with fish to sell. This time they were nice and fresh, but as he went up to some people to see if they would buy, Arthur, who was standing near, said: 'Don't buy them, he cheats; he says they are fresh when they are not'; and Pedro had to carry the fish home again, for everyone was afraid of being cheated, and no one would deal with him.

One day, as he was sitting on the beach hungry and sad, Francesco came along. He had with him a basket of grapes and figs from his own trees, the two which his father had given him for working so hard and well for him.

Francesco could not bear to see Pedro look sad and lonely, so coming gently behind him he held a bunch of grapes over his head.

'Take them,' he said, and as many figs as you like. I have not seen you in the market lately.'

'No,' said Pedro, 'I have not dared to show my face there. If you would but take me along with you, it would set me up again, for they all like you; or if only you would take me into partnership, you would find me no bad hand.'

'No,' said Francesco, 'I cannot do that; but I will do what you will like as well, I dare say;' and so saying, he parted his fruit and gave Pedro half. 'Take this, and I will go on before and tell the children, that if they will buy of you, you will be fair now; only you must be so, and not make me tell an untruth.'

'To be sure,' said Pedro; if they will trust me, I shall be happy indeed. Thank you, over and over again, dear Francesco.'

So Pedro went back to the market, and for some days he was fair, but I am sorry to say he soon got tired of it, and began his old tricks again.

With the money he got for the fruit, he bought sweets, and painting on a board 'The largest, sweetest sugar plums in Naples,' he set out to sell them again. Crowds of children came to buy, and for a while all went well.

One day, however, a boy came along, and asked for two measures of sweets, one for himself and one for his little sister, and he put down the money for both.

'Hold out your hand,' said Pedro.

'No, put them in here,' said Carlo, holding out a little box. 'Why how is this, they do not nearly fill it, but those I got yesterday did. The measure should be an inch every way, for that is what we have all agreed.'

'So it is,' said Pedro; but Carlo took hold of the measure, and with his rule, for he was a carpenter's boy, tried what it was.

Outside it was right, but inside it was not so deep. Pedro had put something into the bottom to prevent its holding so much. He was cheating again.

I wish I could tell you that in the end he learned to be fair, but it was not so. He went on from bad to worse until at last he was sent to prison, while Francesco was loved and respected by all, because in everything he did, he could be trusted.

—From Miss Edgeworth's *Parents' Assistant.*

## CHAPTER VI.

### BE GOOD TEMPERED.

Hymn 149 :—

THE God of heaven is pleased to see
A little family agree ;
And will not slight the praise they bring,
When loving children join to sing.

For love and kindness please Him more
Than if we gave Him all our store :
And children here, who dwell in love,
Are like the holy ones above.

The gentle child that tries to please,
That hates to quarrel, fret and tease,
And would not say an angry word ;
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. —*Prov.* xvi. 32.

THERE are a good many sorts of temper. Good temper, sulky temper, angry temper, fretful temper, disobliging temper, spiteful temper.

Which do you like best?

Suppose two little girls have been careless and spilt the milk, or broken some teacups, or done anything else for which mother has to scold them; one little girl will look sulky, and perhaps go about for an hour with such a black face that no one dares to speak to her; while the other little girl will only look sorry and try not to be so careless another time.

What sorts of temper do these two show?

Suppose it is a cold, rainy day, and mother says, 'Now run off to school.' One child may say, 'I don't want to go, it's too wet. I don't like school; I want to stay here by the fire,' and her face looks so whiny, and her tone is so grumbling, that she seems as dismal as the weather outside; while another child puts a cheerful face upon it, and says, 'Never mind the rain, we can run and not get very wet. Don't you know the old rhyme:

> "Although it does rain, we will not complain,
> We ought to be happy without everything."'

and off she goes.

What is the first of these, and what is the second?

Sometimes brothers and sisters will tease one another, hiding each other's things or taking a sly pinch, or laughing at some little mistake. Some children cannot stand teasing. At the least thing they boil over and get in a rage, and say angry, passionate words, while others only laugh back and take it as a joke.

Which do you think will be the favourites with their brothers and sisters and playfellows, and which do you call the good tempered ones?

I think you see now that by good temper we mean

taking things pleasantly and keeping down anger and sulks and disobligingness, shutting them up tight and not letting them come out at all.

Now I will tell you one thing which I want you to remember, and that is that though some children may find it harder than others, we can all be good-tempered if we like; but if we don't try to get rid of the angry, sulky, bad tempers, they get stronger and bigger till we can't help them. It reminds me of the fisherman in the old fairy story, who found a copper pot, in which a big giant had been squeezed up and fastened in. As long as the giant was in this pot he could do no one any harm, but the fisherman was silly enough to open the pot just a little bit, and the giant began to come out, growing bigger and bigger every minute till no one could get him back again, and he was free to do all sorts of mischief.

In the text at the top of this chapter it says: 'He that ruleth his spirit (or temper) is better than he that taketh a city.' When soldiers go into an enemy's country, and come to a town where the walls are strong and the gates shut against them, and by brave fighting get the gates open and take that city, every one talks of them as having done a very great thing; but the wise man who wrote this text said, that if anyone would keep in their own angry passions and not let them come out, he would be braver and better than those soldiers. So you see it is not a little thing, but a big thing in God's sight, to rule our tempers.

There is a hymn in our hymn book about ruling ourselves. Here is part of it:—

A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell;
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well.
How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should:
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
Of trying to be good.

Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear;
Teach me to lean on Thee, and feel
That Thou art very near.
Be thou my guide, until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in *myself*,
And learn to take command.

I am sure you will like this hymn more when you know that it was written by a little girl, and that she tried to act out what she wrote in her hymn, and grew up to be a good woman, who went and nursed the soldiers on the battlefield, and helped bravely through troubles in her home, and wrote stories which thousands of boys and girls like to read.

She did better than the king of whom our Bible story for to-day tells, for though he ruled a country he could not rule his own temper, and instead of being happy he got more and more miserable, until his life was spoiled by it.

KING SAUL.

Saul was king of Israel; the first king they ever had; long, long before Jesus Christ lived in the land.

We have to go to the Old Testament to read about Saul (*1 Sam.* xviii. 5-11).

You all know the story of David and Goliath. It was Saul's army which was so afraid of Goliath, and when David had come with his sling and stone and killed the giant, Saul sent to ask who this brave boy was.

He was so pleased with him that he would not let him go home again to his father, but took him to live with him in the king's palace; and the king's son, Jonathan, got so fond of David, that even now, when we see two friends who love one another dearly, we say they are like David and Jonathan.

David did all that king Saul told him, and went wherever Saul sent him to fight the enemies of the land, and became a brave soldier.

By and by, people began to say: 'Just look how brave David is. He is a much braver man than king Saul.' And when they went out with music and rejoicing to meet Saul and David as they came back from the war, it was David that they shouted the loudest for and praised the most. When Saul heard this he was very angry and jealous. He could not bear David to be praised more than he was himself, and from that day he began to treat David quite differently, not loving him as he had done before, but watching him suspiciously. Instead of trying to get over his angry temper, he gave way to it, and it grew stronger and stronger.

One day David took his harp to play to Saul as he had often done before. Saul was very gloomy, and at the sight of David, the angry passions which he had been nursing up in his heart instead of turning them out, got the mastery over him, and seizing his spear he threw it at David.

A spear you know is a long stick with a sharp iron point to it.

David had just time to jump aside and save himself. If it had struck him it would have killed him.

After this Saul sent David away, and was no longer kind and good to him, but tried to harm him in many different ways.

Jonathan, the king's son, loved David dearly, and he went to his father and talked to him. He reminded him how faithful David had been, how he would do all the king told him even at the risk of his life, and presently Saul got ashamed of himself and sent for David back, promising Jonathan that he would not harm him.

But Saul had not turned out his angry, jealous temper, and David was no safer than before.

Jonathan soon saw that it would not do for David to stay, so sending him away they arranged a sign by which David should know if it was safe to come back.

When Saul found David had gone he was very angry.

Jonathan tried to bring his father to reason, but this time Saul's anger was so great that he turned against Jonathan, just for taking David's part, and flung his spear at *him*, as he had done at David before.

Fortunately it missed him, but Jonathan saw that his father's passion was too strong to make it safe for David to remain. David must go quite away, though he should miss his friend sorely.

Jonathan went out into the fields with his bow and arrows and shot at a mark. He had a boy with him who ran to pick up his arrows. As he ran, Jonathan

called to him: 'The arrow is beyond you, make speed, stay not.'

The boy thought he meant that he was to be quick and get the arrow, but David, who was hiding in the bushes, knew that it meant he was to get away quickly from Saul; for this was the sign he and Jonathan had agreed upon.

When the boy had gone, David came out of the bushes, and he and Jonathan said a sorrowful good-bye to one another, and David went, he knew not where. He could not go back to the king, he dared not go to his father's house, for he knew the king would look there for him; so with some other men like himself he went into a wild, desolate place, and lived in the caves.

Saul was too angry to let David go quietly, and, collecting a band of soldiers, he went to look for him.

It was a wild country, and in and out through the valleys and behind the hills they went, Saul looking and David hiding from him. At last one day Saul went into a cave alone. He could not find David, and did not think he was anywhere near him, but David and his men chanced to be hidden at the back of that very cave. It was so dark in there that Saul could not see them, though they could see him as he came in against the light.

Saul sat down, and then David crept up very, very gently, and with his sword cut off a piece of Saul's dress.

When Saul went out of the cave, David followed him, and called, 'My lord the king!'

Saul looked back. Then David fell on his knees before him saying, 'Why do you listen to what men say? Behold this day some bade me kill thee, but I

spared thee. Moreover see,' and he held up the piece of Saul's dress, to show how near he had been, and how he might have killed Saul if he had wished. He went on, 'I have not sinned against thee; the Lord judge between thee and me.'

Then Saul wept, and said to David: 'Thou art more righteous than I, for thou hast rendered unto me good, whereas I have rendered unto thee evil,' and for that time the evil passion was conquered and they parted friends, for it is a very true saying, as you will find if you try it, that 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'

But Saul's evil passion was not cured, only turned away for a time, and David, finding Saul would not leave him in peace, went away into the next country, and stayed there until Saul died, after which he himself was chosen king in Saul's place.

We read nothing that is happy about Saul in the last years of his life. He had many troubles, and in his own words, he felt as if God had departed from him. We know God never leaves any of us alone, not even when we are the most naughty, but we cannot wonder that Saul felt, so long as these angry passions filled his soul, that he could not turn to God for help.

Saul's story is a very sad one, for it tells of a life which might have been brave and happy, but which was spoiled by angry and jealous temper.

## SEA CASTLES.

'OH, what a big wave; run, run or it will catch you, Katie. Look, it has filled my ditch like a real castle moat,' shouted Harry.

'You won't have any castle left if another wave like

that comes. Here's one, look out, look out. There it goes,' cried Fred, as a great wave with curling white top rushed in, and sweeping over the castle carried off the sea-weed flag, and left only a shapeless heap of sand.

'I'll tell you what, let's make a great big castle a little higher up and stand on it, and let the sea come round us!'

'All right. I will be master of the works, and you shall be the workmen.'

'What stuff, Katie; you can't be master, you are only a girl. Look! we will have it just here, and if we all work hard, we shall get it big enough by the time the sea comes up to it. You begin there.'

'I shan't,' said Katie. 'I want to be master; you were last time, it's my turn.'

'No, I wasn't. I helped you make your garden just now.'

'No, you didn't; you only spoiled it. You would not do as I wanted.'

'Katie, dear; don't be cross. Do play nicely, or we shall have no fun,' said Gwen, the peacemaker.

'Oh, Katie's always a cross-patch,' said Harry.

'I'm not,' said Katie; 'it's very unkind,' and sitting down on the sand, she began to cry.

Gwen ran up to her, and putting her arm round her, tried to dry her tears; but Katie shook her off and walked away.

All the pleasure of the bright blue sea and the sands and their happy play was gone for her, because of the angry thoughts which filled her heart.

'Come along, Gwen, don't bother any more about her. We will make the castle without her.'

'But I don't like to see her so sad,' said Gwen. 'You were not very kind to her, Harry; do go after her and make friends.'

'Not I,' said Harry; 'no one but a pepper-box would have got so hot over what I said. She has only herself to thank.'

'Leave her alone for a bit, any way,' said Fred; 'she will soon come to herself. Let's make the castle now, and as soon as it is done we will call her back.'

'Very well,' said Gwen, rather sadly.

With three willing workers, the castle soon grew tall and round.

'It's the best castle we ever made,' said Gwen, her merry face glowing with pleasure. 'Oh, my arms do ache.'

'Never mind, Gwen, the sea is just coming up; pat down a place big enough for us all to stand on the top.'

'I'm up,' shouted Harry.

'Oh, give me a hand, I can't reach.'

'Come along, then,—there you are,' and the three children stood on the top of their mound.

'Here it comes.'

'No, that wave won't reach us,' said Gwen; 'it's the quiet ones that come the farthest, not those noisy fellows.'

'Well, here's a quiet one. Yes, it's just reached us.'

'Oh, isn't it fun!'

'Keep still, Gwen, or you will bring it down. There isn't room to dance.'

'All right, I will be still. Now we are on an island,' she cried, as the water met behind them.

Another and another wave washed round the castle.

'Jump, Gwen, it's going,' shouted Fred.

Gwen watched till the wave ran back and jumped. Her bare feet sank in the wet sand, and the next wave curled round her toes as she ran laughing up the beach.

Katie had sat down a little way off with her back to the others, but she soon got tired of that and turned round to watch them. Little by little she drew nearer, and now she stood close to the edge of the waves beside the castle.

'Jump, boys, you'll be caught,' shouted Gwen.

'Look out, then, I'm coming.' But Harry timed his jump wrong; up came the wave and splash he went into it.

'Oh, Harry, you horrid boy; you have wetted me all over.'

'Never mind, Katie, sea water does not hurt.'

'But I do mind,' fretted Katie; 'it's so nasty to feel wet. Harry never looks where he is going.'

'Gwen's a good bit wetter than you, and she does not complain,' said Fred; 'come along, let's get the basket, and have our dinner. I am as hungry as a hunter, whatever you others may be.'

Katie was as ready for her dinner as the rest, and four pairs of bare feet quickly made their way to the rocks where the basket had been left.

'Here, Gwen, open it, and let us see what mother has put in,' said Fred.

'No, I shall give out the things. I am the oldest,' said Katie.

Gwen gave up the basket without a word, and soon the four children were clearing off the food, as only hungry children can.

They were too busy to talk at first, but after a bit Harry said—'Katie always contrives to get the best for herself; just look at her apple and mine.'

'I don't,' said Katie; 'it is just as it comes. I helped you first, and if the last one was the best, it was not my fault.'

'Yes, that's true,' said Gwen; 'she did give you yours first, Harry; but you can change with me if you like. Mine is a good one, and I don't mind.'

'Of course I won't take yours, Gwen. It isn't the apple I care about, it's the being selfish.'

'How dare you call me selfish, Harry? Mother always says boys should give up to girls, so she would say it was right even if I did have the best.'

'She would not say you were right to be in such a temper.'

'Harry, don't tease her. Come, I've done dinner; what shall we do next?'

'I'm going home,' said Katie; 'there's never any peace where the boys are.'

'Oh, Katie, don't go off alone. The boys will be good, now, won't you, boys? and mother said we need not be home till tea-time. We might have a lot of fun, yet.'

But Katie seemed not to hear, and set off up the steep path alone.

'Why, Katie, what is the matter; where are the others?' said mother, as half-an-hour later Katie turned in at the garden gate.

'They were so cross, there was no fun; so I thought I might as well come home.'

Mother looked at Katie's sulky face and saw how it

was. Katie's tempers were only too well known at home.

'Are the others having a happy time?' said mother.

'Yes, that's the worst of it,' said Katie.

'But you had all they had: the sands and the sea, and the bright sunshine, and the waves were there just as much for you as for them; what went wrong for you?'

'Harry would not let me be master, and he said I kept the best apple for myself; he was horrid,' said Katie; 'the boys never treat Gwen as they do me.'

'The other day, when I was down there with you,' said mother; 'I thought it was Gwen who was getting all the teasing. I know it was down Gwen's back, not down yours, that Harry put the sand; but she only laughed and asked him in a pleasant voice, not to do it again.'

Katie did not quite know what to say, for she began to see what her mother meant.

Her mother went on: 'Harry is a tease. I don't say he was right. He is often more rough and rude than I wish; but if you would take things with good temper, as Gwen does, instead of with anger and sulks, he would soon learn better. You would be much happier too, Katie dear, and the play would not be spoiled so often as I fear it is. Good temper is like the sunshine—it makes everyone that feels it happy, but bad temper is like the black rain cloud which covers everything with gloom.'

## CHAPTER VII.

### BE CHEERFUL.

Hymn 240:—

CHEERFULLY, cheerfully let us all live,
Slow to be angered and quick to forgive;
Cheer for the mourning, and smiles for the glad,
Brave hearts for ever, through days bright or sad:
Singing and hoping, at work or at rest,
Cheerfully, cheerfully doing our best!

Cheerfully, cheerfully, work while we may,
The fields before us, and long is the day;
We'll sow around us the good seed of truth,
Soon it will spring up in freshness of youth:
Singing and hoping, etc.

God helps the hand that is doing its best,
Blesses the true heart that stands every test;
Then shall the harvest be golden and bright,
Gathering our sheaves under heaven's own light:
Singing and hoping, etc.

'A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.'—*Proverbs* xv. 13.

AS Jesus walked about the streets of the little towns and villages where he taught, he saw people here and there standing about looking very miserable. He

could not help noticing them, for they stood just where they would be most seen, and when anyone looked their way they put on even a more miserable face than before.

What could it all be about?

These people were fasting.

Fasting means going without food for a time, generally for a whole day.

If you had no breakfast and no dinner, nothing at all to eat till evening, you would be very hungry, and I dare say look as miserable as these people did.

If you go without your breakfast or your dinner, it is, I suppose, because father is out of work, and mother has none to give you, and mother is as sorry as you are that it must be so. But these men in the Bible did not go without for this reason.

They had been told that it was good to deny themselves, and they wanted people to say: 'How good these men are.' In case people should not know, they put on a miserable face, so that everyone might look and see how carefully they had fasted.

Do you think that did anyone any good?

Jesus calls them *hypocrites*, that is, people who pretend to be better than they really are.

Now what has this got to do with our lesson to-day?

Who can tell what that is?

Jesus says to his disciples, if you fast, that is, if you have to go without what you want, don't put on a miserable face, but be cheerful over it.

You ought not to want people to be noticing you and praising you up for being so good.

God will see and will reward you for it.

Now you children have often to go without things you want.

Sometimes it is really fasting. There is not enough dinner or tea, and you can't have more when you wish it.

No doubt it *is* bad to bear, but looking cross and miserable won't make it better.

Put a cheerful face on it. Make the best of it. Say to yourselves the old proverb: 'What can't be cured must be endured,' which means when you can't make a thing better you must bear it cheerfully. If there is no more, you can't have it, even though you tease and fret; and mother has quite enough to bear without fretting children.

Sometimes one of your schoolfellows has a new hat or frock, and you want one like it; but mother says no, you must wait, the rent must be paid and father have some new boots first.

There are two ways of taking this:—

You can sulk and look miserable and make a fuss, until mother does not know what to do with you; or you can make up your mind to wear the frock which looks so shabby a bit longer, and not show that you mind it.

Which is the right way?

There is an old saying which is very true:—

> 'A merry heart goes all the way,
> A sad one tires in a mile—a.'

Suppose you set out for a walk with some little friends. You are all merry and happy. There are flowers to be found, and the sky is blue, and the sun is warm. By and by you look up to see where you are, and are quite surprised to see how far you have come, the way seemed so short.

But suppose you don't want to go, and start feeling cross and sulky. You drag one foot along after the other, and don't care about anything you see, and it seems such a long way.

But it is the same road. It is you who are different. A merry heart makes everything easy, but a sulky one makes everything hard.

There was once a lady who was always ill. She had to lie on the sofa because she was too lame to walk, and she could not sew or read because her eyes were bad.

If you had been in her place how do you think you would have felt?

Very miserable I expect, and perhaps very cross, so that everyone would want to keep out of your way if they could, but this lady was always cheerful. She said 'it makes things much harder to fret over them,' and she would not let herself do it. When friends came to see her she did not trouble them with her complaints, but was so glad to see them and to hear the news they had to tell, that they always went away the brighter for having been there.

Another lady I once heard of was just the opposite. She could never find a house to suit her. She moved first into one house and then into another. In fact she was always moving. At first each one she went to seemed just right, but very soon she found something wrong. One had a smoky chimney, one was too noisy, the next was too quiet, one did not get sun enough and was cold, another got the full sun and was too hot. At last she moved into one where there seemed nothing to complain of. She had never stayed so long in one place before, and her friends said, she is content at last.

But after a bit they heard she was moving again. What was the matter now? 'My neighbour has a pea-hen,' she said, 'and it sits on the garden fence and cries. I can't stand it.'

This lady had not learnt that there must be something to put up with everywhere, and that the only way to be happy is to put up cheerfully with little things we do not like.

I often think of the little boy who was asked if he liked his cold bath in the morning. He said cheerfully: 'No, I don't like it, but I can put up with it,' and that is the right spirit.

### THE TWO WAYS.

CHARLIE was eating his breakfast one day, and grumbling over it. 'It's very hard,' he said, 'to have nothing but bread and milk when other people have all sorts of nice things. It's very hard to have to get up so early these cold mornings. It's very hard to have to work when other people can enjoy themselves. It's very hard to have to trudge through the snow when other people can ride.'

'It's a great blessing,' said his grandmother, who sat by knitting, 'to have food when so many are hungry, to have a roof over one's head when so many are homeless, to have sight and hearing and strength for daily labour when so many are blind, deaf, and suffering.'

There are two ways of taking everything.

One person looks out for the bad and grumbles at it, another looks out for the good and rejoices in it. In other words one person takes things sadly and the other cheerfully.

## DORA AND GRANNIE.

'WHY, mother, where are the children?' said father, as he pushed open the door, and set his basket of tools down on a chair.

'They are sure to be here soon,' said mother, looking up at the clock. 'Dora took them up to the wood for primroses; but it is just dinner time, and they will be too hungry to stay much longer, I know.'

'Well, I'll just go and have a wash, and may be they will be here by then.'

Father went into the back room and mother to the door. Shading her eyes with her hand she looked down the garden path and across the green lane to the fields beyond, where the grass shone green in the spring sunshine, the fresh young leaves were bursting out of their buds, and sheets of white told where the blackthorn bushes grew.

Three fields away she saw a little group of children coming slowly on. Dora with baby in her arms; May with the basket; and George, cap in hand, off in the long grass.

He must be after a butterfly, thought mother, but Dora will not let him be cruel to it, I know. Ah, see, he is running back; she must have called him.

'They are coming, father,' she said, as she turned away from the door, and taking the pot off the fire, begin to dish up the dinner.

The table was spread with a clean, white cloth, and pretty blue plates and mugs, for mother liked to have everything as bright as the children's merry faces were as they came singing up the path.

In they ran, all talking at once, eager that mother should share their joy.

'See what lovely flowers, mothers,' said May, holding up the basket, 'and I got the biggest of all.'

'But I got the most,' said George. 'I got up right to the top of the hedge, where you could not come.'

'And fell down, too,' said May, 'over and over. You did look so funny.'

George looked vexed, but Dora made haste to say: 'Never mind, George, you were a brave boy, you did not cry, though your hands were all cut and sore. Baby has been so good, mother. I believe she enjoyed it as much as we did. She looked as hard at the flowers as if she wanted to pick them too.'

'Bless her,' said mother, as she took her from Dora's arms and gave her a kiss. 'Now make haste and take off your hats and wash your hands, for dinner is just ready.'

It was a bright, happy home, sunny inside and out, for the sun shone full upon it whenever there were no clouds to hide it, and there were cheerful hearts inside.

I do not mean that these children were always good. They were tiresome sometimes, and baby cried as all babies will; but mother ruled by love. She did not slap or scold, but the children knew that what she said had to be done, and that when it was done there would be a kiss and a loving word for them, so they could not hold out long.

If they fell down and hurt themselves, or if it was very cold and the poor little fingers were blue, mother would say: 'Never mind, come and let me kiss the

place, and it will soon be well. Crying won't make it better, so cheer up.'

Don't you think you would have loved such a kind mother as this, and been as ready to help her as these children were?

That evening, when all the little ones had had their tub, for it was Saturday, and Dora was tucking them up in bed, father said to mother: 'I went up to see Grannie this afternoon.'

'And how did you find her?' said mother.

'Very bad, the cough shakes her to pieces, and she is hardly fit to be about at all.'

'She ought to have some one to do for her,' said mother. 'It is not fit for her to be living alone. It would hardly do to have her here, I suppose. The children would make too much noise for her.'

'Better send Dora to her,' said father. 'She said to-day she should like to have her for a bit if we could spare her.'

'Oh, no,' said mother, 'I do not think I could do without her; and besides she is only a child. Think how dull it would be for her shut up in a sick room all day without the other children.'

'I think Dora would carry her own cheerful spirit with her,' said father, 'and make it bright wherever she was; but of course if you cannot spare her there is no more to be said.'

'Well, I suppose I ought not to say that,' said mother. 'May is as old as Dora was when George was the baby, and Dora was his little nurse; but the house would not seem the same without her, that's the fact. She sings over her work like a bird. It does anyone

good to hear her. Still, if Grannie really needs her I must think about it. I should not like to be old and weak and have no one to do for me.'

'Dora shall not be forced to go,' said her father. 'We will see what she says herself. Here she comes. Dora, how would you like to go and stay with Grannie for a bit and look after her?'

'And leave you and mother and baby—oh, father.'

'When I was a boy,' said her father, 'Grannie worked as hard as your mother does now to keep us and the house neat and clean. She was always the first to get up, and the last to go to bed, washing and cooking and mending, always with a cheerful face, and thinking last of what she wanted herself. Now it takes her all the morning to scrub one room, she has to sit and rest so often, and it brings on her cough so. Her days seem long, too, with no one to speak to.'

Dora's eyes filled with tears. 'Poor Grannie,' she said. 'If mother can spare me I will go for a little while, father, and try to make it bright for her; and I shall come home and see you all soon, shall I not?'

So Dora went, and instead of the fields she looked out upon an ugly wall. The only flowers were the pots in the window, and instead of baby and the little ones was Grannie with her bad cough and her shaky hands; but if you think Dora was sad or dull you are quite wrong. Some girls might have been, but not Dora.

Of course she often longed to see father and mother and the children again, but when the thought came over her she would say to herself: 'I shall see them again soon, and I am glad to be a comfort to Grannie.'

She was proud to show Grannie how well she could

scrub and cook, and when all was as bright and clean as her own home, she would sit down with her sewing by Grannie's side and tell her all about home.

Then Grannie would tell her of the days when father was a little boy, and of all the strange things grandfather brought home from sea, and of her first place, and many other things.

'You can't think what a blessing Dora is,' said Grannie. 'I sit here and am waited on like a lady, and only to look at her merry face does me good. I feel quite young again.'

'And Dora; what does she say?' said father, who had just come in. 'Do you want to come home again, child?'

'Oh, yes, please father, to see you all, but I must come back to Grannie. She could not do without me now; and she is so kind I love to wait on her. You don't know how happy we are together.'

'Ah, you and Grannie have the same nature,' said father; 'you look on the bright side and have the merry hearts which make your lives happy wherever you may be.'

## CHAPTER VIII.

### BE BRAVE.

Hymn 257 :—

DARE to do right! dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell:
Dare, dare, dare to do right;
Dare, dare, dare to be true.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you.
Stand by your conscience, your honour, your faith,
Stand like a hero, and battle till death:
Dare, dare, etc.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
God, who created you, cares for you too;
Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed,
Counts and protects every hair of your head:
Dare, dare, etc.

'Stand fast in the Lord.'—*Philippians* i. 27.

IN the last chapter we just spoke of David having killed the great giant Goliath.

David's business was to keep his father's sheep.

In that country of Palestine the sheep need to have a shepherd always with them, because there are no safe fields with hedges into which they can be turned and left. The country stretches wide and open for miles, and the sheep would wander away and get lost unless someone was always with them.

There was another danger too in David's time.

Lions and bears lived there then, and would sometimes creep down upon the flock and carry off a sheep or lamb, if the shepherd were not watching.

Once when David was out with his sheep a lion came and took a lamb. At another time a bear tried to do the same.

Some shepherds would have been afraid and run away, thinking only of how to save themselves, but this was not what David did. He went after the lion and the bear, and struck them, making them drop the little lambs they had taken. When the lion turned on David he was not frightened, but caught hold of it by the beard and killed it.

Many a strong man would have been afraid to do this, and David was but a boy.

What sort of a boy do you call him?

A brave boy then is one who will not give in to being afraid, but will go on and do what he has to do in spite of it.

You are never likely to meet a lion or bear, but there are a good many things to be afraid of besides lions and bears.

Some children are afraid of the dark. I remember a little girl, whose big brother always went upstairs as far as the bedroom door with her when

she went to bed because she was afraid of the dark stairs.

Was she a brave girl?

If she had said, 'I *will* go alone, and remember that there is nothing to be really afraid of, and even if there were, God could take care of me,' then what would you call her? Why?

## DAVID AND LANCE.

NOT long ago I read a story of two boys. Davie was a lame, timid little fellow, afraid of everything. Lance was strong and fearless and clever, and Davie loved him very much and thought how grand it would be to be like him. Lance had just won the prize for the best map, and it was hung upon the schoolroom wall for all to see. The boys were crowding round praising it when Lance felt a little hand slip into his, and a little voice said: 'I am so glad and so proud that you have won the prize, Lance.'

'Is that you, Davie? Well, I am glad you think it is a good map. I shall look to you, you know, to take charge of it, as you live so near. It would break my heart now if anything were to happen to it.'

Lance's words were spoken half in fun, but Davie went home very proud to be trusted, and neither of them thought what the words would lead to.

A few days afterwards, when all the boys had gone home, Davie was lying on his bed, too poorly to go out to play, when he saw a strange red glare in the school windows. Yes, the school was on fire. He was alone in the house, and no one else lived near. Davie was afraid of everything, you know, but now his thought

was: 'Lance's map is in my charge.' He summoned all his courage, and pushing open the school door, went in.

A little while after, when people came running with buckets of water to put out the fire, Lance, who was in front, almost ran over someone who had fallen by the doorstep.

It was Davie, with the map in his hand.

They carried him to his own room. At first they thought he was dead, but by and by he came to himself and heard the people round praising him and calling him the brave boy.

'Was I brave?' he said, 'I am so glad, but I was very much afraid.'

He owned to being afraid, you see, but he would not let his fear master him.

Do you call him a brave boy?

## THE SHIPWRECK.

ONLY this year a ship sank at sea. Another ship was near, and it sent a boat to pick up the poor sailors who were struggling in the water. But there was not room for all. Two were left floating on a bit of wood. 'Come along, captain,' shouted the men, 'there is room for one.' But the captain said 'No, this other man is too much hurt to keep himself afloat alone, I will stay till you come back for us both.'

A long weary time it must have seemed to the brave captain, as he held the wounded sailor on the floating wood, far out at sea, and very glad he must have been when at last the boat came back and took them safely away.

There are plenty of brave deeds done nowadays, and perhaps, by and by, when you grow older, some of you boys and girls may be amongst those who do them; but remember David. He felt sure he could kill the giant, because when danger came before he had shown he could be brave; and if you want to do a big, brave thing, should the chance come to you, you must be brave in smaller things first.

The kind of bravery we have been speaking of, is being brave in danger. Now let us consider some other ways of being brave.

A boy once caught his arm in a machine at the mill, and got it badly crushed. He went off to the doctor, who bound it up for him and put it in a sling. It hurt very much to have anyone touch his arm, even to do it good, but the boy never made a sound. All the weeks his arm was bad, though his mother had to dress him almost like a baby, and he often had bad pain in it, he kept a cheerful face and never complained.

What sort of a boy was he?

Some little children make a dreadful fuss if they are hurt. If another child hits them, or if they fall down, or get a bruise or a cut, or even if their hands and toes get very cold going to school, they cry and complain.

Are they brave children?

I used to be told a story of a little girl who cut her finger. She cried and sobbed and said it hurt her so she did not know what to do. The servant got a piece of rag and tied it up for her. Then the child said it was much better, and little by little she got comforted. Presently, what do you think she found? The servant had tied up the wrong finger.

Do you think she could have been much hurt if she did not know which finger it was, and thought tying up the wrong one made it better?

She was making a fuss about nothing.

Was she brave?

If you don't want to be like that little girl, next time you are hurt or uncomfortable, don't make a fuss, but bear it bravely.

Who can tell me the two ways of being brave of which we have spoken?

Here is a Bible story which will tell you of a third way:

### THE STORY OF ELIJAH.

SOME time after Saul and David were dead, there was a very wicked king of Israel named Ahab.

He and his wife said to the people, 'You must not say your prayers to God. We have set up some great images or idols; you must say your prayers to them as we do.'

Many people were afraid of this wicked king, and did as he told them, but there was one brave man, named Elijah, who would not do it. He went out of the country to get away from the king's anger.

After three years, God put it into his heart to go back and speak out boldly.

When Ahab heard that Elijah had come back he went to him and said: 'Is it thou, thou troubler of Israel?'

Ahab was a powerful king, and could have put Elijah to death or punished him in any way he liked, but Elijah was not afraid. He stood up before him and

answered: 'I have not troubled Israel, it is you who trouble Israel. You have not followed God's commandments, you have worshipped idols; now send and gather together all the people of Israel on Mount Carmel, and we will prove who is in the right.'

The people came, a great crowd of them, on the slopes of Mount Carmel, overlooking the blue Mediterranean Sea; and the false priests, four hundred and fifty of them, came too, no doubt very angry that Elijah should dare to stand up and say he was the only one who was right amongst so many. Then Elijah spoke to the people and said: 'How long halt ye between two opinions?' or as we should say, 'Why do you not make up your minds?'—'If the Lord be God follow Him, but if Baal, then follow him.'

The people did not answer one word. They were afraid of what the king might do to them.

Then Elijah asked for a sign. In those days they used to bring an animal from their flocks, a bullock, or a sheep or a goat, and kill it and burn the body on a great pile of stones for a sacrifice to God.

It seems a strange notion to us; but sacrifice, you know, means giving up what we want for someone else—it would be a sacrifice if, instead of eating your sweets yourself, you were to give them to your little friend in order to please her.

The thought these people had was that it would give God pleasure if they gave up something they wanted to Him; and as they could not give it to Him, as you put your sweets into your friend's hand, they burnt it, that the smoke might rise up to heaven, and so God would know that they were bringing Him their offering.

We know better ways of sacrifice now. Jesus said: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, ye did it unto me,' which means that when we give up anything to one who wants it, we give God pleasure, in a much better way than burning animals or corn.

But Elijah lived in the far away days, before Jesus had taught this, and he believed that the best way he could show honour to God was by the burnt-offering.

He prepared a bullock all ready to burn, and the priests of Baal did the same.

Then Elijah said, 'Put no fire, but call upon your idol Baal to send fire. If he answers, then we will believe.' You see Elijah felt perfectly sure that the image could not answer.

Then he went on, 'I, too, will call upon my God to send fire, and He will, for He is really God.'

The priests of Baal cried aloud from morning to evening, but no fire came.

Then Elijah prayed to God and the fire came and lighted the wood, and burnt up the offering; and the great crowd of people who had been watching to see what would happen, fell on their knees and said, 'The Lord he is God.'

Elijah was no longer alone. There were plenty of people now to side with him.

This is a story of long ago. I cannot think that it is exactly a true story, but there is a lesson in it which I want you all to notice and remember.

It is this:

Elijah was not afraid to stand to the right when he was only one, and there were hundreds against him, when also he was in the king's power, and might have

had to suffer punishment for it. He was brave when it was more difficult to be so than to face a lion or a bear.

In the story which follows I want you to see, how nowadays a boy or girl may be called on to be brave in the same sort of way as Elijah, and I hope, if you are ever so tried, you will not be afraid to stand firm to the right as he did.

## MONK BARN SCHOOL.

THE word school most likely makes you think of big rooms, in a tall house in a busy street; but this school was not like that. It was a large, low house, with a roof of dark thatch, the windows were filled with tiny panes of glass, and roses grew up the posts of the porch in front. The school and the teacher's house made two sides of the playground, the river ran at the end, with a wall between to keep the little ones from the water, while on the fourth side was a hedge, in which was the gate leading from the lane. On the other side of the lane was Monk Barn Farm.

One day a new boy came to this school. He was not a baby coming for the first time. He had been to school for some years in London, where he lived, but his mother had sent him on a long visit to his grandmother, to see if country air would not put some roses into his pale cheeks.

It was his first visit to the country, and all seemed so strange and fresh and pretty to him.

He could hardly keep his mind on his lessons, so keen was he to get out again and look for flowers and bird's nests; for town boy that he was, he did not know that there were no bird's nests to be found, now that the

blackberries were black on the hedges, and the apples red on the trees.

When the children were turned into the playground at eleven for ten minutes' play, he ran off to the gate, thinking he would just have time to go as far as that dear little bridge he saw as he came to school, and be back before the bell rang; but as he got to the gate, he heard teacher call, 'Jack, come here; you do not know our rules, I see. No one may go outside the gate in play time. Come, join in this game and tell us if we play it as you do in London.' Jack was sorry, but he came back, and soon forgot his wish in the fun of the game.

Next day teacher had a headache. When the children went out to play, she went to her house for a little rest, and the children were left alone. Jack had not seen half the wonders of the playground yet. He wanted to know what was on the other side of the wall, and getting on some big stones he found to his joy that he was just tall enough to see over.

How pretty the water looked, and what a funny way the ducks had of turning upside down, with only their little tails and feet sticking out of the water.

He stayed to watch them until the bell rang, then he jumped down. Just as he turned round he saw half a dozen of the bigger boys coming in at the gate. How is this, he thought. But perhaps teacher sent them for something, he said to himself.

Next day, when they were again in the playground, Jack looked round for Dick Page, to ask him for the bit of string he had said he would give him, but he was nowhere to be seen. It was strange, for just before, he

had been playing marbles by the gate. 'Where is Dick?' he asked.

'If you won't tell, I will show you,' said Bob; 'come along.'

Jack went, but when he found that Bob was getting through a thin place in the hedge he stopped. 'It is against rules to go outside the gate,' said Jack.

'This is not the gate,' said Bob.

'No, but if you get through there you will be outside the gate.'

'Well, we all do it when we get a chance. Teacher cannot see you,—come along.'

'No, I won't,' said Jack; 'she said no, so it is wrong.'

'There are such good apples down in Monk Barn orchard She won't know unless you tell her, and if you do I will give you such a beating as you never had before. None of the boys will speak to you either. You will wish you had never come to this school.'

'I hope not,' said Jack; 'but I cannot come, anyway.'

'Why, where is the harm? Teacher is only afraid of the babies falling into the river, and we are not babies.'

'It is not that, I am sure,' said Jack. 'She said no one was to go, so I am not going,' and he walked off.

Some of the boys' pockets were very full that morning, and now and then, when teacher seemed busy, a sound of munching was heard. Bob had a great deal to say, too, to Dick and some of the others. After school, as they were going home along the lane, Dick came up to Jack, and held out an apple to him. 'Will you have it?' he said.

Jack loved apples, but now he put his hands behind him and said, 'No, thank you.'

'Now, look here,' said Dick; 'we are quite willing to give you a share, but don't you set yourself up to be better than everyone else. If we are good natured to you, you must be the same to us. You don't want to get us into a scrape, I am sure.'

'No, I don't want that.'

'Then I tell you what. If you won't go yourself, you keep watch for us at the hole in the hedge. You won't be outside the gate, and you can give us a sign if teacher is coming out.'

'No, I cannot, I will not have anything to do with it.'

Then Dick's face changed, and he got angry.

'You young sneak, if you split on us I will make your life a burden to you. I thought you had more spirit.'

That afternoon, Farmer Smith, of Monk Barn, came into the school. He went up to the desk and spoke to teacher. Her face grew sad and grave as he talked. The children kept very still, for they were a good deal afraid of Farmer Smith, and of what he might have to tell of them; and Dick and Bob and a few more did not feel at all happy.

Soon teacher turned to them and said: 'Children, I have something to say to you that I am very sorry to say. Farmer Smith tells me that some of our boys have been at his apples, not once, but many times lately. He did not know who it was, until to-day he was in his field, and over the hedge he heard some talk between two of our boys. This told him where the thieves came from, and also that we have at least one boy in the school

who is of quite another sort—a boy who is not afraid to speak out and say he will not do wrong, even when he thinks no one will see; and also when boys, bigger than he, tell him that they will thrash him if he tells of them. I wonder if you know who that boy is.'

No one spoke. Some did not know. Those who did, did not like to say.

'That boy is Jack,' said the teacher. 'Some of the other boys, I am sorry to say, tried to lead Jack first into breaking the rule of not going beyond the gate in playtime, and then into taking what was not his; but he was a brave boy. He had strength to say no, in face of bribes and threats. We are all proud of him. As for those boys who only did what they ought when they thought teacher would see, they must remain in the school when the others go to play for a week, and they will, I hope, learn by it, that a boy who will not join others in doing wrong is no sneak or coward, but a boy who does underhand things *is*, whether he be found out or not.'

## CHAPTER IX.

### BE PATIENT.

Hymn 212:—

O LORD, in sickness and in health,
To every lot resigned,
Grant me before all worldly wealth,
A meek and thankful mind.

The Lord may give or take away,
But nought our faith can move,
While we to heaven can look and say:
'Our Father lives above.'

'Ye have need of patience.'—*Hebrews* x. 36.

I EXPECT most of you can tell me what it means to be patient.

Who can answer the harder question: why ought we to be patient?

Sometimes your father or mother tells you to do something which you do not like. It may be to take some medicine which tastes very nasty, or to go to bed when you want to stay up a little longer.

Why do they want you to do it?

They know that the medicine will cure you of whatever may be the matter, and that going to bed early will make you grow up strong. They order these because they love you, and know better than you what is good for you, and the least you can do is to take it patiently.

Sometimes God sends us trouble and pain.

We do not like it, but He knows what is good for us even better than our fathers and mothers do; and because He is our Heavenly Father and we are His children, we should take patiently whatever He sends us to bear.

Have you ever heard anyone talk of the patience of Job?

## JOB'S TROUBLES.

JOB was a man who lived long ago in the Old Testament days. He was a rich man, the richest in all that country, not in money, but in what people were chiefly rich in then, in large flocks of sheep, herds of cattle, and many camels and asses. He had seven sons and three daughters, and was as happy and prosperous as anyone could wish to be.

He was a good man too, and thankful to God for all He had given him.

We must not take the story of Job as one that really happened, but as a parable, that is, a story meant to teach us a lesson.

It speaks of God, not as we like to think of Him, and as Jesus told us He was—a Spirit, but as calling people before Him in Heaven and talking to them, just as we should talk. Amongst others came Satan, which

means the accuser, or one who brings a charge against another.

God said to him: 'Where have you come from?' and Satan answered: 'From the earth.'

Then God said: 'Have you seen my servant Job, a perfect and an upright man, there is none like him in the earth.'

But Satan scornfully replied: 'He has everything he wants, it is easy enough for him to be thankful and happy. Take away his possessions and see what he will do then.'

God was willing to try Job, and gave Satan leave to do anything he liked to his possessions, so long as he did not touch Job himself.

Then sore trouble fell on him.

One day a messenger came running to him with bad news. He said 'The oxen were in the field ploughing, and the asses beside them, when a band of enemies came and drove them away, and killed the servants. I am the only one who has escaped alive to tell you.'

He had hardly finished speaking when another servant came in great haste, saying: 'The lightning has come down from the sky and killed your sheep and the servants who were with them, and only I have escaped to tell you.'

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when another servant arrived with the bad news that another band of enemies had carried off the camels. Job was now a poor man instead of a rich one. All his great possessions were gone in one day, but there was still worse for him in store. Before he had had time to think a fourth servant ran up, saying: 'All your sons

and daughters were together at dinner, in their eldest brother's house, when a great whirlwind came and blew the house down upon them. They are all dead, and I am the only one who has escaped to tell thee.'

This was far harder for Job than even the loss of his great riches. It is easier to be poor than to lose those we love; but although he was in deep grief he did not forget that it was God who had allowed all this trouble to fall upon him, and instead of murmuring and complaining, he said: 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'

It is not only in illness and trouble that we want patience. Besides *bearing* quietly, patience means *waiting* quietly. Sometimes you run home from school very hungry, and in a great hurry for your dinner, but mother says it is not ready yet, you must wait. Some children will sulk and tease, but not you, I hope, for that is not waiting patiently.

### MARY'S GARDEN.

ONE day a little girl stood watching her father as he worked in his garden.

'May I have a little garden of my own, father?' she said. 'Yes,' he answered, 'I will mark off this piece for you, and give you some seeds to sow in it.'

'Thank you, father, I shall like that, and I hope my garden will soon be as gay as yours.'

'Well, you must have patience you know,' said her father, 'for your seeds must have time to grow.'

That afternoon the little girl worked very hard. She collected all the stones and oyster shells she could

find, to mark off her piece of ground, then she raked it and sowed her seeds, and brought her little can and watered them.

Many times that day, and the two next, did she run out to see if any little green things were to be seen above the brown earth, but there was nothing.

'How slow the seeds are,' she said, 'I wonder if it would hurt them to move the earth a little and peep.' By and by her impatience grew so great that she ran for her spade, and began gently to dig. Very soon she came to her seeds, and out of each sprouted a white stem and two little yellow leaves—the plants had burst the seed, and were pushing their way up to the light and air. The little girl covered them up again, but alas, the mischief was done, and though she waited many days none came up; they were all spoiled and dead. If she had but had patience a little longer, her garden would have been gay with flowers.

Now I expect most of you think she was a silly little girl, and that you would have known better, but are you sure you never spoil anything for want of patience?

Are you never in such a hurry to get out to play that you only half learn your lesson, instead of learning it thoroughly? Do you never put big stitches instead of little ones into a long seam because you want to get it finished somehow? If the strings of your clothes get in a knot do you never pull till the knot is so tight it has to be cut, when a little patience at first would have untied it? Do you never fidget and try to get away when mother is combing your hair, so that it takes twice as long to do?

You see there is plenty of patience wanted even when you are not ill.

Which of you has got a baby at home?

Sometimes, when you have to take care of him while mother is busy, he cries and will not be good. Then I hope you have patience with him, and do not slap or shake him, for little babies cannot understand as older children can.

Now there is just one more kind of patience we must have a few words about. It may be that sometimes at school you throw down your slate pencil or sewing, and say: 'I can't do this, it's no use trying. That is want of patience. You know the old rhyme:

> 'If at first you don't succeed,
> Try, try, try again.'

and whether it is a sum, or bit of work, or curing ourselves of a bad habit, the only way to succeed is to keep on trying patiently.

I remember hearing of a boy who was clearing the snow from the path in front of his home. It was very deep, he was but a small boy, and he had only a small spade and barrow.

'How will you ever finish such a job as that?' said a man who was passing by. 'By keeping on at it,' replied the boy.

Now let us repeat the four kinds of patience we have spoken of in the lesson to-day:

Patience in bearing pain or trouble.

Patience to wait quietly.

Patience when baby, or anyone else, is tiresome.

Patience to keep on trying till we succeed.

## JACK'S MISHAP.

'MOTHER, don't go away; I can't bear to be left alone.'

'But, Jack, I must. Who is to do my work if I sit here all day? I have put all you are likely to want in your reach, and I shall be back again to give you your dinner.'

Mother kissed her boy and went down the stairs, but before she had got to the door, Jack shouted 'Mother,' and she ran back.

'What is it, dear?'

'I am so hot, open the window, please.'

'It is open as far as it will go, only the blind is down to keep out the sun. Shall I wash your face and hands for you? that will make you feel cooler, and then you must be a good boy and let me go.'

Poor Jack, it was hard for a boy who would never stay indoors if he could help it, to be kept in bed all this summer weather, when the sun beat down upon the roof, and made the little room under it where he lay as hot as an oven. How tired he was, too, of counting the panes of glass in the window, and staring at the wall, where he knew every crack and nail by heart.

Just a week ago, Jack had been riding behind a cart, as he had done many times before, when in jumping off he had caught his leg in the wheel. Before the cart could be stopped, his leg was so scraped and bent, that the doctor said it would have been better had it been broken; he shook his head, and said it would be a long job, and Jack must have patience.

But I am sorry to say that was just what Jack had not got.

'Well, Jack, how are you to-day,' said a cheery voice at the door; and a lady in a nurse's dress came in and sat down beside the bed. 'Let me see how the leg is getting on.'

She turned back the clothes, but gently as she did it, Jack cried out, 'Oh don't, nurse; don't touch it.'

'My dear boy,' she said, 'you know I won't hurt you more than I can help, but if I leave it alone, it will get stiff, and you will never be able to walk about again. You would not like that, would you?'

When the leg was done up fresh, not, I am sorry to say, without tears and moans on Jack's part, nurse took up the book on the table and asked, 'Shall I read to you a bit?'

'No,' said Jack, 'I don't like reading. I want to go out.'

'Well, what do you think of a drive this afternoon?'

'Really?' said Jack, 'I think you are making fun of me.'

'No, the doctor wants you to go to the hospital. Your mother is willing, and she and I will take you there after dinner.'

'What! go away from mother,' said Jack. 'No, I don't want to go.'

'My dear Jack,' said Nurse. 'You have a great deal to bear, I know; but did you ever think how much mother has to bear from you, and how much better you might make it for her by being patient? Since your father died, she has had to work hard to buy you food and clothes; and now, because you rode on the cart, as

she has often told you not to do, and fell off, she will have to pay the doctor a lot of money she can ill spare. When she comes in tired, she would like to sit down and rest; but now she has to see to you, and instead of being thankful, you make her heart sad by fretting.

'When you get to the hospital, you will find a lot of children there, some of them with much more to put up with than you have; but you will hear very little fretting or crying.

'The nurses and doctors are very kind and do all they can to make the children well again, and I am sure you will be happy when you are once there.

'Mother will miss you, I know, but she will be glad to think you are well cared for all the time she is at work, and she will come and see you twice each week. Will you not try to show her, when she comes, that her boy is as patient as the others?'

Jack hung his head. He had not thought of it in this way before. 'I will try,' he said; 'but you don't know how hard it is.'

'I think I do,' said Nurse. 'When I was your age I was a very busy little girl, fond of my school, fonder still of a good game when I came out, proud to show mother how much I could do in the house, and always wanting to have a hand in what my big brothers were doing.

'One day, as I came home from school, I saw two boys standing under a tree, looking at something which one of them held carefully in his hand.

'"What is it?" I said.

'"A dove's egg," and he held it out for me to see.

'"Where did you get it?" I asked.

'"You can see the nest up there," he replied, as he moved away.

'Now, one of my brothers was very keen just then on birds' eggs, though mother never let him take more than one from each nest. He had no dove's egg. How grand it would be to get him one all myself, and how proud I should be to give it to him. I could get up more than one tree in our own garden, I felt sure I could climb this one.

'No sooner said than done, or rather begun, for I had got up only half way, when a branch broke, and I fell to the ground.

'When I came to myself, I was lying in my own bed, and mother and the doctor were bending over me.

'For days I was very ill. For months I had to lie on my back, and I fear at first I made as much fuss as a certain little boy I know, it seemed so hard to have to lie there, when there were so many things I wanted to be about.

'But my kind mother showed me that our duty is not always the same. When we are well and strong, it is our duty to work to do all we can for those about us; but when God sends us illness, then our duty is to be patient.

'My mother was not so busy as your mother is, and when I was a little better, she had all sorts of plans for me.

'She read to me one day about the children in the hospital, which you will see to-day. I was but one sick child, there there were rows of little beds, and in each a child with a scarlet jacket, and on a board across the bed, toys which kind folk had sent them to pass the time with.

'"Would you like to be one of those kind folk," she said. "You can use the time you have now you are ill to make toys, and when you are well you shall go yourself and take them to the children."

'I liked the thought very much. Mother gave me a drawer, into which each thing was put as it was done. Friends, when they heard what I was doing, brought me bright scraps of silk or pictures, and soon the drawer began to fill.

'There were dolls with clothes that would come off. I grew quite fond of those dolls, and had names for each; then a grand picture-book which took me weeks to make; dolls' beds made out of match boxes; soft balls for the babies, and hard ones for the bigger children. I cannot tell you now half the things mother and I did; and it was not nearly so hard to be patient, when I could feel that my lying there would make other children happy.

'At last the day came when I could go to the hospital.

'Mother packed all the toys in a large basket, and it and I were driven to the place.

'Mother helped me up the broad stairs, a nurse opened the door and I saw what I had so often heard of, the long ward with its two rows of little beds. There were bright flowers in the windows and a bird in a cage was singing with all its might.

'One little boy was riding a rocking horse, and two little girls playing with a doll's house; but most of the children were in bed.

'Mother told the nurse what was in our basket.

'"Go up to the beds," said the nurse, "and talk to

the children, and see what each would like out of this famous basketful."

'I was rather shy, so she took me by the hand and led me up to a bed. "This is Tommy," she said; "he has been here a long time, but he is a patient little fellow, and will soon go home now. May he have something to take with him? Dolls won't do for a boy, will they? but this ball would be just the thing."

'"Will you have it," I said. "I made it myself, only mother helped me."

'Tommy held out his hand for it, but he was too shy to say more than "Thank you."

'Then we went on to the next bed. This held a little girl, and as she was a chatterbox, I soon learned that her name was Ruth, and that she had been in the hospital just as long as I had been ill at home; and then she told me all about the baby and little brothers and sister at her home.

'I picked out the doll I liked best for her, the one in the blue frock with forget-me-nots in her hat. I can see that doll quite well, now, though it was years ago.

'When I left the hospital, I said, "Mother, when I grow up I shall be a nurse;" and so I am, you see.'

'And you never would have been if you had not fallen out of the tree,' said Jack.

'Perhaps not. At any rate I learned that people can be happy even when they are ill, if they do not fret and think only about themselves. Now don't you want to go to the hospital, too?'

'Yes, I think I do,' said Jack; 'and if I don't quite, I won't grumble, but will try hard to be patient.'

## CHAPTER X.

### BE CLEAN.

Hymn 173:—

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is his abode.

Still to the lowly soul,
He doth Himself impart;
And for His temple and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

'Who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart.'—*Psalm* xxiv. 3-4.

I AM sure that you have often been told that little children ought to be clean, but perhaps you think it really does not matter much. When you have been out playing in the street and come in with black hands, you think it is a great bother to have to go and wash them, and wish you could be let alone.

There is an old saying that 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' which means, being clean is next best to being good.

Now see why it is so. We will begin with a question.

Which do you like best, to be well and strong, or weak and ill?

Think how much trouble illness causes.

Perhaps you know some family where the father has died, and left the mother hard work to bring up the children without his wages; or you may have heard mother talk of the doctor's bills being so hard to pay if any of you have had a bad illness.

Much illness comes from dirt.

Dirty people are most likely to get ill if there is illness about. Dirty houses and dirty habits bring illness.

You have all of you, some time or other, I expect, sown seeds and watched plants come from them. You know too that some seeds do not grow into pretty flowers or useful vegetables, but into weeds, plants that you do not want, and try all you can to get rid of.

Now I will tell you something which is strange to you.

Many illnesses, such as measles or scarlet fever, come from little seeds, or germs they are called in this case. These little seeds or germs are so small that you cannot see them, unless you have one of those glasses which make things look bigger, and they are so light they can float in the air, as I dare say you have seen dust do in a ray of sunlight.

Each time we breathe we take in a mouthful of air, and if the little seeds are floating in that air we take a mouthful of them too.

If our bodies are clean and healthy these bad little

seeds are not nearly so likely to come up; but if our bodies are dirty and unhealthy that is just what these bad little seeds like, and they come up and bring illness. This will make you see the reason why you are told not to go near any children who have measles or diphtheria, until they are quite well again. It is because the air round them is full of these little germs.

There is another way in which dirt can make us ill. Look at your hands. Do you not see numbers of the tiniest holes all over them? When you run fast on a hot day you sweat, that is, water comes out of these tiny holes. This is not clean water, but dirty. It is carrying off the dirt from the insides of our bodies, and is always coming, though it is only when we are very hot that there is enough of it at once for us to see. These tiny holes are not only over our hands but over our whole bodies.

When our skin is very dirty these little holes are choked up, as you know a street grating sometimes is with mud. Then the dirt cannot get out from the insides of our bodies, and stays in and makes us ill.

Some children cry at being bathed, but if you are one of those who do not like it, remember that unless the dirt is washed away from all over your bodies, the little holes will get choked, and you will not be nearly so strong and well.

In towns most of our worst dirt is sent down the drains, or put into the ash pits to be carried away. Everything dirty or rotting makes a bad smell, and that is one of God's ways of telling us that there is something which ought not to be there, if we want to keep well; so get out of the way of bad smells. Don't play

over the drains, or stagnant water, or walk in the wet gutters, for we want to keep away from dirt, not get into it.

And don't make your clothes dirty on purpose. I remember hearing of two little girls who were cleaning their dolls' house. They could not find a cloth, so they took their doll's frock. 'It's rather dirty, and must be washed, anyhow,' said Susie, 'so it does not matter.' By the time they had done the frock was not only rather, it was very dirty, you would hardly have known it for a frock at all.

'Well children, as it's raining and we can't go out,' said nurse, 'would you like to wash the dolls' clothes yourselves?' The little girls were delighted.

A tub was soon fetched, and soap and water, and they set to work. Soon most of the things were hung out to dry, but not that dreadful frock. First Susie rubbed, then Ethel, then Susie again, and at last they had to ask nurse to help, for it seemed as if the dirt would never come out.

'I did not think,' said Susie, 'it mattered how dirty a thing was, if it was going to be washed, but I shall remember another time.'

So, children, remember mother has to wash your clothes, and do not give her extra work for nothing.

One day I went to our Infant School. The children were just coming back after dinner. As soon as they were in the desks came the order 'show hands,' and every pair of little hands went up. Then a teacher went along the line looking to see if they were clean. Some were quite clean, some pretty clean; one boy was stood out because his were dirty. Don't you think he

would feel ashamed, and next day would remember to wash before he came to school? The mistress was teaching the children a lesson more useful to them even than reading or writing.

What was that lesson?

Now what was the text at the beginning of this chapter? It speaks of clean hands there, but the psalmist is not talking of the little children's hands being washed or not washed, as we were just now. He has a deeper meaning than that. By clean hands he means hands that have not been doing anything wrong. Hands that have not been picking and stealing; hands that have not been giving angry blows, or pinching or scratching; such hands as God will like to have in His holy place.

Besides clean hands the text speaks of a pure heart. Pure is another word for clean. In the hymn you learnt to start with to-day what is the first line?

Those were words which Jesus spoke, and a great deal of his teaching is meant to show us that if we want to be really good we must turn out all the bad, angry, deceitful thoughts in our hearts, get rid of them as we wash the dirt off our hands, that we may have clean hearts. We should pray as David did: 'Create in me a clean heart, O Lord,' and we should try for it by letting good kind thoughts and wishes fill our hearts instead of bad ones.

In eastern countries people always wash their hands and faces and feet before they go into their churches to say their prayers. This, I suppose, is to remind them that they ought to be clean all over, body and soul, particularly when they are going to ask God's blessing.

I am not going to give you a story of my own to this chapter, because I can tell you a little bit out of a book called 'Water Babies' which is better.

### WATER BABIES.

ONCE upon a time there lived a little chimney sweep, and his name was Tom. He could not read nor write. He never washed, for there was no water up the court where he lived, and he had never been taught to say his prayers.

His master, Grimes, treated him very badly, and poor little Tom cried when he had not enough to eat, or when his master beat him, or when he had to climb up the dark flues, rubbing his knees and elbows raw, and getting the soot into his eyes; but when he was at play with the other boys he laughed, and was the jolliest boy in the town.

One day Tom and his master were sent for to sweep the chimneys at a big house called Harthover Place. Grimes was very pleased to get such a good job, and at three o'clock next morning they set off, Grimes riding his donkey, Tom with the brushes, walking behind.

Soon they overtook a poor Irish woman with a bundle on her back. She walked along beside Tom, and asked him many questions, where he lived, what he knew, and all about himself, and if he said his prayers, and she seemed quite sad when he told her he knew no prayers to say.

Then he asked her where she lived, and she said by the sea. Tom asked her about the sea, and she told so many wonderful things of it, that Tom longed to go and see the sea and bathe in it.

At last they came to a spring, and here Grimes stopped and knelt down and began dipping his head into the spring, and very dirty he made it.

'I wish I might go and dip my head in,' said Tom.

'What do you want with washing yourself?' said Grimes.

'I don't care for you,' said Tom, and ran down to the stream and began washing his face.

Grimes was very sulky, and pulling Tom up began to beat him.

'Are you not ashamed of yourself, Grimes?' said the Irish woman. 'Stop! I have one more word for you both. Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be, and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be. Remember,' and she was gone.

Tom and Grimes went on to the big house, and up the chimneys Tom went, so many that he got quite tired, and at last he lost his way in them, and came down into a room he had not seen before.

The room was all white, white bed, white walls, and a carpet all over flowers. There was a wash-stand, a big bath, soap and brushes, and towels. Tom had never seen anything like it before. What a dirty lady she must be, thought Tom, to want so much washing.

Then he saw that in the bed lay a little girl about as old as himself, with rosy cheeks and golden hair. How lovely she was. Are all people like that when they are washed, thought Tom, and he looked at his own hand and tried to rub the soot off.

All at once he looked round and saw an ugly black boy with white, grinning teeth, and behold it was Tom

himself in the looking-glass, and for the first time in his life Tom learnt that he was dirty, and burst into tears of shame.

Then the little lady woke in a fright, the nurse ran in, and making up her mind Tom had come to steal, she caught him by the coat, but Tom slipped from her hands, and was out of the window in a moment.

Half the people in the house ran after him, calling 'Stop, thief'; but they did not catch him. He ran and ran, with the hot sun beating down on his head, till he came to a great cliff, and far below he could see an old woman in a red skirt in her little garden.

Most boys would have been afraid to climb down, but not Tom. He was used to chimneys, and down he went, a thousand feet. At last he came to the bottom, but so sick and faint he could hardly crawl to the cottage door.

'Water,' said Tom.

'There's plenty in the beck,' replied the old woman.

'But I can't get there,' said Tom; 'I'm almost dead with thirst.'

'Bless thy little heart,' said the old woman, and she brought him a cup of milk and a bit of bread. 'Where did you come from?' she asked, and Tom told her all his story.

'Thou hast not been stealing, then?'

'No.'

'Why dost not eat thy bread?'

'I can't,' said Tom.

'The child's ill,' she said; 'come with me and I'll put thee up somewhere. If thou wert cleaner, I would put thee in my own bed.'

She put him into an out-house, on some clean hay, and left him to go to sleep; but Tom did not fall asleep, he was too ill. He turned and tossed and felt so hot that he longed to get into the river and cool himself. He seemed to hear the little white lady say to him: 'You are so dirty, go and be washed'; and the Irish woman say again: 'Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be.' Half asleep he kept saying to himself, 'I must be clean, I must be clean,' and before he knew what he was about, he was at the river side and in the cool water.

Tom had learnt that he must be clean in body, but he had still to be taught to be clean in soul, for you know he had never been taught to be good.

Now the story changes into a fairy story.

Little Tom had not been two minutes in the river, before the fairies took him, and changed him into a water-baby. He had nothing to do now but to enjoy himself, and look at all the pretty things which are to be seen in the water. He soon learnt to talk to them, and might have been very happy if he had been a good boy, but he was, like many other little boys, very fond of illtreating creatures just for sport, so of course they got out of his way, and he had no one to speak to or play with.

Very lonely he was. The water-fairies were sorry to see him so unhappy, and longed to take him and teach him to be good, but Tom had to find out something for himself first.

By and by he got down the river to the sea, and as he was going along one day, he came to a round cage under the water. It was a lobster pot, only Tom did not know that. In it sat a lobster.

'Have they put you in the lock-up?' said Tom; but the lobster only said sadly, 'I can't get out. I can't get out.'

Tom looked at the trap, and soon saw what was the matter. 'Stop a bit,' he said; 'turn your tail up to me and I'll pull you out.' But the lobster was so stupid he could not get his tail through the hole. Tom leaned down and caught hold of him, but instead of pulling him out the lobster pulled Tom in. 'Here's a pretty business,' said Tom; 'now take your claws and break off those spikes. Then we shall both get out.'

'Dear me, I never thought of that,' said the lobster.

They had not got half the spikes away, when they saw a dark thing over them. Lo and behold, it was an otter trying to get in, and very frightened Tom was, till at last he managed to get out. He might have run away, but he would not leave his friend in distress, so he caught hold of his tail and pulled, till at last both were safe.

Now Tom had at last done something to help, and not harm, another, he could join the other water-babies in their work and their play, and not be lonely any more. But he had not given up all his bad tricks.

'Take care,' said the children, 'Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did is coming.'

Tom did not mind, and one day she came; a stern old lady, with a black bonnet and a big nose, and a birch rod under her arm.

The children stood before her, and she gave them all sorts of nice things: sea-cakes, sea-apples, and so on. When Tom's turn came, she popped something into his mouth, but it was only a pebble.

'You cruel woman,' he said, and began to cry.

'Who is a cruel boy?' she said; 'who put pebbles into the creatures' mouths to make them think they had a good dinner? As you did to others, so I must do to you.'

On Sunday another lady came, and her name was Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by. She was as lovely and nice a lady as you would ever wish to see, and she cuddled the children and sang to them, and told them stories; and Tom had never been so happy before.

For a time Tom was a better boy, but after a while he took to his bad ways again, and when Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by came on Sunday, she looked sadly at him and said: 'I should like to cuddle you, but I cannot, for you are all over prickles.' And so he was, for when Tom's soul grew all prickly with naughty tempers, his body grew prickly too, for this is a fairy story, you know. No one would play with him, or even look at him, till at last he could stand it no longer and burst out crying, and told all the bad things he had done, and begged to be forgiven.

But being sorry did not take away the prickles, he had put them there himself; and he could only take them away by learning to be good. So Tom went to school, and his school mistress was the same little girl, Ellie, who had been sleeping in the white bed, for she had become a water-baby too. All the week she taught Tom, but every Sunday she used to go home to a beautiful place. Tom wanted to go too, but when he asked Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did if he might, she said 'No; those who go there must go first where they do not like, and do what they do not like, and help somebody they

do not like,' which in due time Tom learnt to do, even to going a long, long journey, to help his old master Grimes. When he came back he was allowed to go to the beautiful land where Ellie went, for he had learnt to keep his soul clean as well as his body, as I hope each one of you will try hard to do.

## CHAPTER XI.

### BE PUNCTUAL.

Hymn 289 :—

THE present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

'Redeeming the time.'—*Col.* iv. 5.

PUNCTUALITY means being ready exactly at the right time.

It does not seem at first as if it could matter being just a few minutes late, a minute or two cannot make much difference, people say,—a minute is such a little thing. Yes, but little things often lead to big things. In one of the parables, Jesus tells the story of a wedding. In his country, weddings are in the evening, and the lamps have to be lighted. Ten girls, virgins he calls them, took their lamps and went to meet the bridegroom. He was very late, and as they waited for him, they fell asleep. Suddenly there was a cry, 'The bridegroom is coming'; and the girls awoke, sprang up and took their lamps. But they had waited so long, that the lamps were burning low, indeed they had

almost gone out. Five of these girls were wise, and had brought more oil with them. These filled up their lamps and were ready; but the other five had no more oil. They asked the wise ones to lend them some, but they answered, 'Not so; if we do there will not be enough. All the lamps will go out, and the bridegroom will be left in darkness. Go and buy for yourselves.'

The five foolish girls went, but while they were gone the bridegroom came. Those that were ready went in to the wedding, and the door was shut. The foolish ones came too late. They had lost their chance.

The other day I was at a railway station. The train had just moved off from the platform, when another passenger came running up. He was only a minute late, but the train had gone. He was left behind, and missed the pleasant day with his friends, which he had planned.

You all know that if you are late for school you find the door shut. You have to wait outside, and when you are let in you are marked late, and it may be that you lose your chance of a prize or a medal. I read the other day in the newspaper of a family of four children—Rose, Charles, Maria and May—who had between them gained twenty medals for punctual attendance at school. These medals are not given unless the child has been early every single time the school was open. No matter whether it is very hot or very wet, or very cold, nothing must keep them from being there in time, and every time. Those children had learned to be punctual, and that is one of the most important lessons you can learn in your school life.

Every man, woman, and child has the same number of hours in their day.

Who can tell me how many?

Every one of those hours has—how many minutes in it?[1]

These minutes are passing quickly away. Some people use them well. They are truly wise, as the hymn says, they live to-day; that is, they put into every day something worth doing. As the text says, they redeem the time, they do not let it run to waste. Other people waste a great deal of time, and it is these and not the busy people, who are always late for everything. One great way of wasting time is putting off doing what we ought. The longer it is put off the less we want to do it, and by and by it is too late to do it at all, or it has to be done badly, because it was not done in proper time.

### JACK'S DAY OF MISFORTUNE.

ONE day a mother called her little boy to get up in the morning. It was warm in bed and so cold outside. Just a little longer will not matter, he thought, and he turned over and went to sleep again. Mother thought he was getting up, and went out to the dairy. By and by she called up the stairs, 'Jack, are you ready?' Getting no answer, she ran up. There was Jack still curled up in bed. Mother pulled him out, and he began to dress, but as he was in a hurry, everything seemed to go wrong. He could not find his stockings, his jacket

[1] Illustrate with a watch or clock,—if with a second hand note how quickly it moves —how soon a minute is gone.

sleeve was inside out, and when he did come down he was very cross, and breakfast was done.

'Here, take this,' said mother, 'and be off with the milk. It ought to have been sent half an hour ago.'

Jack took the can, but when he got to Mrs. Lowes she was very angry, and scolded him well, because her children had been kept waiting for their breakfast.

This made him still more cross, and he was late for school, and not only late, but he did not know his lesson. He had put off learning it the night before, meaning to do it in the morning, and then you see it was too late. He was kept in after school, and lost his play, and was late for dinner. It was a day of misfortune for Jack, and all because he had put off getting up, and could not overtake the lost time all day.

When I was a little girl, I was very fond of a story about some children who had an enemy called

## OLD DAWDLE.

ONE day, Ned was to go out with his mother for the afternoon, if he was ready by half-past two; 'But I cannot wait for you,' she said.

At two, Ned went upstairs to get ready, but as he took off his jacket a button came off. 'Spin it, Ned,' said Old Dawdle, 'it is such fun.' So Ned spun it again and again.

After a while, he put down the button and poured out the water to wash his hands. The soap was very thin. 'See if it will float, Ned,' said Old Dawdle, 'stick a pin in and make a boat of it.'

Ned tried, and found it so interesting that he forgot how the time was going.

'Ned, are you ready?' called his mother, 'it is half-past two;' but Ned's hands were wet, his hair was not brushed, and his clothes not changed, and he was left at home.

But Mary was the one who most often got into trouble with their enemy. When she was sent to school, Old Dawdle would put his arms round her and make her move ever so slowly, or he would suggest: 'How gay that shop window is, go and look in;' and when she got to school the teacher would say: 'Mary is late as usual.'

One day, mother and Harry were working in the garden, when mother looked up and said: 'Why, someone has left the gate of the field open, and the bull is in there; run, Harry, and shut the gate before he gets out.'

Harry started; but by the side of the road was a ditch. In one place a branch had fallen into it and stopped the water, so that it swelled out into a little pond. 'Make a waterfall, Harry,' said Old Dawdle; and Harry stayed to do it.

Soon he heard a loud noise. It was the bull who was close to the gate, and down the road came Annie Grey in a red skirt.

It was too late to shut the gate, now. Out rushed the bull after Annie. She screamed, and ran as hard as she could to the garden wall, over which she jumped. The wall was low towards the road, but high on the other side, and though she was safe from the bull, poor Annie lay there with a broken leg. Harry was very sorry, for it was all his fault. If he had not dawdled he

would have been in time to shut the gate, and Annie would not have been hurt.

This was a lesson he never forgot, though I cannot say he never dawdled any more, for bad habits take time to cure. Still, mother had not often to complain of Harry for being late after this. Of course there is no such person really as Old Dawdle, but you see what it means, do you not? When little children dawdle over what they have to do, and are so slow that it takes twice the time it ought, they are sure to be late, and may do a great deal of harm, as Harry did.

When you grow up to be men and women, it will make a great deal of difference in your lives if people can depend upon your being punctual or not.

No boy can be a railway guard, or an engine driver, who is not punctual; for a late train may run into another and lots of people be killed.

No servant will keep a good place who is always a little behind time with her work.

No dressmaker will get on who is always late in sending home what is wanted.

If a man is building a house, and the boy who carries the mortar is late, the mason has to wait, and his time is wasted.

Every one who is late hinders some one else too, and the work cannot get done.

So do not think being punctual is a little thing which does not matter, but try to be in time every day at school, not only because you want to get a prize now, but because you want to gain the habit of being punctual all through life.

## MAY'S MEDAL.

'COME along May, it's quite time to be off.'

'But I am not ready, Sallie, wait a minute.'

'I can't. All the front places will be taken. Look sharp.'

'You said you would wait for me.'

'No, I did not. I said I would come and see if you were ready; good-bye,' and Sallie ran off.

'Why I had no idea it was so late,' said mother, looking up at the clock. 'Here Jack, come and have your hair brushed. Bless the boy, stand still, do, or I shall be twice as long. What, child, you don't mean to say that frock is torn. Get me a needle, and I will catch it up for you now,' and mother flew round, putting on her own bonnet and shawl between lacing Alice's boots, fastening May's frock, and giving a stroke down to Jem's hair.

At last, just as the clock struck seven, they came out of the door. Mother turned the key, leaving the clothes on the floor or the table, anywhere where the children had thrown them down, to be put away when they were not in such a hurry.

They had not far to go, but when they reached the schoolroom it was full, so full that they could only just get in at the back.

Next to the summer treat, this new year's prize-giving was the great day of the year for the children.

'Oh, mother, there is Sallie, right up in front,' said May; 'I wish I had come on with her. I cannot half see. Hold me up, do, please. There are the fairies.'

The great event of the evening, next to the prizes

themselves, was this fairy piece. Every little girl there had wanted to take a part in it, May with the rest, but she had missed her chance by being too late the first night when the children were chosen.

Long and loud was the clapping when the fairy story ended, and now all eyes were turned to the table, where bright piles of books lay waiting, and beside them the little red cases holding the medals, those medals which meant such steady, punctual coming to school in all weathers.

'Now before we proceed to the pleasant duty of giving away the prizes,' said the minister, 'I have a few words to say to you. You have all had a chance of winning a prize, but not all have done so. I will tell you of one case of failure. A little girl was trying hard for the medal. It was the last Sunday but one of the year. She had not lost a mark, and already she counted on it, and thought how proud she would be to come up to the platform to-night, and hear the clapping, which we give to all those who have done well. But that Sunday afternoon brought her a hard trial. Baby was very ill. Her mother had been up many nights with him, and was nearly worn out, and when this little girl came in from morning school her mother went and lay down on the bed, leaving her to give the little ones their dinner and nurse baby who, though better, was still very cross and fretful.

'"I shall be down again in time for you to go to afternoon school," said her mother, but at ten minutes to school time she had not come. The girl crept softly upstairs. Mother was sound asleep. Should she wake her? If she did not her medal would be lost, for baby

could not be left; but poor mother had not slept for so long. Softly shutting the door she ran downstairs. She sent the other children off to school, and stayed herself with the baby. She lost her medal, but she did what was better than gaining a medal.

'But there are other children in the school who have not got a good reason like that for failing. Some children will stay away if it is a little wet, or a little hot, or if they want to go for a walk, or for almost any excuse. Then there are other children who fail, not because they do not come, but because they are so often late. They do not get up in time, or they put off getting ready until it is too late, or they dawdle about on the way. Now you are all glad to get these nice prizes, I know, but pretty as they are, the books are not the best part. I wonder if you know what I mean? Every child who wins one of these medals or prizes, must have got the habit of punctuality, must have learnt to be exactly true to time, and that habit will last all his life, even though the medal may be lost, or the book worn out. It is to help you to form this habit of punctuality that we offer these prizes, and to those children who have not won them this year, I say, try harder next year; and fathers and mothers, do all you can to help the children to do so.'

May listened eagerly as name after name was called. Should she have a prize? A medal she knew she would not get, she had been late often, still she had some hopes of a prize; but the last book was taken from the table, and it was not hers. Her eyes filled with tears.

'Why, May not got a prize!' said one of the

teachers, as they came out. 'How is that? I thought you hardly ever missed school.'

'I suppose I have been late too often,' said May.

'We don't get up very early on Sunday morning,' said her mother, 'and there are so many of them to get ready, you see.

'But May ought not to want much help now. How old are you, May?'

'Six last month,' said May.

'I thought you must be about that. You are almost the same age as my Ada, and she and her little sister can dress themselves, all but their hair. They do up each other's frocks. What do you do for yourself?'

May did not answer.

'Do you put on your own shoes and stockings?'

Still May did not answer.

'She will soon, I dare say,' said mother.

'But she is quite old enough to do it now,' said the teacher, 'and if she helped herself more, and did not depend on you, there would be more chance of her being in time for school. Now May, try what you can do, and tell me next Sunday.'

Next Sunday morning, when the bell rang, there was May in her place, with a bright, happy face.

'Mother bathed me last night,' she said, 'and I dressed myself almost, and I ran all the way, and I am going to try for the medal this year.'

Do you think she got it? Yes, she did, but it was hard work. Often when she wanted to stay just five minutes more in bed the thought of her medal came to her, and she jumped up. She was no longer the helpless little girl who waited for mother to dress her,

but even learnt to help with the little ones, and when Jack wanted to stay about on the road, she would hurry him on.

When at last the next year's prize giving came I do not think any little girl in the room was so proud as May, as she carried her well-earned medal, first to her mother, and then to her teacher, and heard their words of praise.

## CHAPTER XII.

### BE INDUSTRIOUS.

Hymn 248 :—

WORK is sweet, for God has blest
Honest work with quiet rest,—
Rest below, and rest above,
In the mansions of his love ;
When the work of life is done,
When the battle's fought and won.

Work ye, then, while yet 'tis day,
Work ye, Christians, while ye may ;
Work for all that's great and good,
Working for your daily food ;
Working whilst the golden hours,
Health, and strength, and youth are yours.

Not slothful in business.—*Romans* xii. 11.

GROWN-UP people work, but have little children any work to do ?

What is children's work ?

I dare say you wish sometimes that you had not got this work to do, but could play all the time. It seems hard when you are in the middle of a good game to

be called to go an errand; hard when the sun shines brightly, and the fields are full of flowers, to have to go to school; but you will never, when you grow up, be a man or a woman worth having if you do only what you like. Lazy men, who don't like steady work, but hang about the corners of the streets, smoking, and looking for an odd job; lazy women, who stand gossipping at their doors, while their houses are left dirty and their work not done, most likely began as lazy children,—children who stayed playing in the streets instead of going to school, or sat looking at their work and not doing it. A boy or girl who is afraid of work, who thinks work is not good for him, or for her, is of very little use in the world.

Work *is* good for everyone who is strong and well. God meant us all to work, and He teaches us the lesson in many different ways. First, then, idle people are not happy. Don't you know if it is a wet day in the holidays, and you have nothing to do, how cross you feel? You hang about, and yawn, and very likely soon get into mischief, or quarrel with the others; and everything is miserable. But if mother says: 'Come and help wash up the dinner things,' or 'Here is a bit of sewing for you,' you may say you don't want to do it; but that is because you feel cross, for as soon as you set to work you feel quite bright and happy. That is one way God tells us work is better than idleness.

### LITTLE BESSIE.

LITTLE Bessie thought she should be quite happy if she had nothing to do all day, no lessons, no work, only play all day long. 'Well,' said mother, 'try it

and see. You may have all to-day for play, and I will give you no work at all, however much you may wish for it.'

Bessie was quite sure she could not wish for it, for she liked play much the best. She watched the other children off to school, and for a while she played about the garden, feeling very happy to be free; but hour after hour passed, she grew tired of her toys and began to think what she should do next, and to wonder what mother was about. Mother was shelling peas. 'Oh, may I do some, mother? I like popping the pods.'

'No, Bessie, this is work.'

Bessie's face clouded over, and she ran off to the pond to watch the ducks; but she had never thought a day could seem so long. It was an hour yet to dinner, and then there was still all the afternoon and evening. This hour passed at last, and dinner came; but when that was done she could bear it no longer: 'Oh, mother,' she said; 'I am so tired of doing nothing, please give me something to do.'

'I can't, Bessie. I said I would give you no work to-day, but you can find some for yourself if you like.'

Bessie fetched her old stockings and sat down to mend them, and as she darned her face grew brighter. When her mother called her to tea, she was quite surprised to find how late it was. 'Why do people get tired of play, mother?' she said.

'Because God did not mean us to be idle,' said her mother. 'He has given us all work to do, and made us so that if we do not do it, we cannot be happy.'

There is a poem about the industrious little bee. Do you know it:—

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.

How skilfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads the wax;
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

Have you ever watched a bee, flying from flower to flower, and have you ever seen a piece of honeycomb?

Each bee has six tiny plates of wax in a little pocket of its body, and when it wants to make honeycomb, it kneads this wax up with its mouth, and spreads it, and moulds it into the rows and rows of little cells we call honeycomb. Then it flies off to a horse-chesnut tree, and scrapes off some of the sticky stuff round the shining brown buds, and carries it home to glue the edges of its cells, and make them strong. Now it is ready to go and look for honey. It flies about till it finds a nice flower, down into it goes the bee's long tongue and licks up the drop of sweet juice at the bottom. Think how hard the bee must work to fill the honeycomb, when it can get only one drop at a time. But besides this there are the baby bees to be fed. They live on bee bread, which is made of the yellow dust, or pollen, from the flowers. If you smell a lily you sometimes get your nose yellow with it.

It takes a bee eight or ten journeys to a flower to fill one cell with bee bread, and there are many cells to fill. You see now that he is indeed a busy bee, and that we must work hard if we want to be as busy as bees.

There is one thing more to tell you about bees. In

every hive there are three kinds of bees. There is the queen, who is the mother and stays at home; then there are all the little worker bees we have been talking about; and besides these, there are the drones, lazy bees who never seem to do anything but live on what the other bees provide.

Now lazy people are very like these drones. They let other people work for them and supply their wants, and are no use themselves.

If people did not work, there would be no corn to make into bread, no clothes to put on, no houses to live in. This is another way in which God teaches us the lesson that work is good. Our wants cannot be supplied without it.

### THE SLUGGARD.

THERE is a story in the book of *Proverbs*, chap. xxiv., v. 30, of a very lazy man. He had a field and a vineyard. That you know is an orchard of grapes, for grapes in Palestine grow out of doors, and are as common as apples here. Instead of tending this field and vineyard, pulling up the weeds, mending the wall and cutting the thorns, he lay down in the sun, as those Eastern people love to do, and fell asleep. By and by he waked up, but he was so comfortable, and work was such a trouble, he thought, that he would not get up just yet, and he fell asleep again. So it went on hour by hour, day after day; and the thorns grew bigger and bigger, the nettles spread till they covered the ground, and animals strayed in through the broken wall.

When harvest time came, the neighbours were busy gathering in their crops, but he had no crop to

gather. He was a sluggard—he had slept instead of working, and now he was poor and in want.

### HOW ANTS CAN WORK.

THIS same Book of Proverbs tells the sluggard to go to the ant, consider her ways and be wise. Have you ever pulled up a stone, or turned over the earth which covered an ants' nest? If you have, you will know how busily the little ants run to and fro, carrying off in their mouths the white egg-like things which will by and by hatch into more ants.

If you look carefully at the ants' nest, where it has been least disturbed, you will see that there are numbers of passages and rooms, all made by these hard-working little ants. In other countries there are enormous ants' nests, bigger than a haycock, and all full of tunnels and bridges and rooms. In some places they build covered passages of mud up the tall tree trunks, that they may reach the green leaves without being seen by the birds, who would eat them up.

Mr. Huber, a man who watched ants and bees a great deal, and learned much about their ways, once spent the whole of a wet day in watching a little ant at work. This little ant made two roads to his nest in this day, both smooth and regular, and with a wall on each side. The earth which he dug out of the road, he kneaded up into tiny balls, and placed them on either side to make a wall, as a man would do with bricks, but he had no tools to help him, only his own feet and mouth. Of course they were tiny roads and walls, because the ant is a tiny animal, but they were as big to him as a road is to us, and it would be very hard work

for a man to make two roads and four walls in one day. If you were to watch an ant road you might see the ants running up and down, some going to their work, some coming home, carrying dead caterpillars or flies for food, while others had straws or blades of grass to help build the nest. One kind of ant cuts the leaves off the trees, and returns in procession, each ant carrying a piece of green leaf. Some people thought they used them for parasols, but others who looked more closely found they took them home to thatch the nest.

Besides building and fetching food, the ants have to look after the babies. If it is a hot day, the baby ants are carried in the grown-up ants' mouths to the cool rooms below the ground; if it is cold, they are brought to the top rooms near the sun. An ant is always busy over something, and he might very well be held up as an example to the lazy man who neglected his field.

Jesus speaks many times of the work God has given us to do; and besides work for our daily bread, God sets us all work to do for Him. As you grow older you will understand more about this, but you can partly understand it now, for Jesus says that if we help the people round about us, even if it is so little a thing as fetching a cup of water for anyone who is thirsty, that is God's work, and little children can do this.

### JEM'S LESSON.

'I WISH I was a grand coachman like that,' said little Jem, as a carriage and pair rolled by him. It must be fine to sit up on the box and drive and wear silver buttons and top boots, and not have to sweep the shop

and tramp through the mud with the parcels, as I do. I shall never get a chance of anything better I suppose. Some folk have all the luck.'

'I don't know that, lad,' said his master, who had come up behind him. 'There is not so much luck about it as you think. It is most often a man's own fault if he stays all his life at the bottom of the tree. Whose carriage was it that went by?'

'Mr. Case's,' said Jem.

'I thought so. Then it would be Jack Lee driving, and for all your thinking him so fine now, he began life just where you are, carrying parcels in this very shop.'

'Did he?' said Jem; 'how was it, sir?'

'I don't know that there is much of a story to tell about it, only he was always one of the boys who, whatever his hand found to do, did it with all his might. I never had such a boy for getting through his work. I am a pretty early riser, as you know, but when Jack Lee was here the shutters were always down and the shop swept out before I came in. I had a great mind to make a shopman of him, he was so handy with serving when we were busy, or tidying up when we were slack. Sit with his hands before him doing nothing was just the one thing that boy could not do.'

The master seemed to have forgotten Jem as he thought of these former days, and was turning away when Jem said: 'Please, sir, why did he leave you, if he got on so well?'

'He was always for out of door work,' said Mr. Mills; 'and when he told me one day that he had heard Mr. Case wanted a boy to work in his garden, and that he should like to try for the place, I could not say him

nay, though I was sorry to part with him. He used to come and see me sometimes, and tell me how he was getting on. He always said he liked it, and I believe he did ; but he was kept pretty hard at work I know. The gardener was old and not up to his work as he had been, and Jack had to help in the stable too, and do all the odd jobs about the house, in fact, whatever no one else wanted to do was put on Jack ; and Jack was always ready, always with his eyes open to see where he could be useful, and to learn how things were done.

One day the poor old gardener was found lying under a tree in a fit. He was taken home, but he never came back to his work again.'

'And was Jack made gardener, sir?'

'No, he was but a boy still ; but for a few weeks while the old gardener lingered, and they were looking for a new one, it was Jack who kept things going, working early and late, and making one pair of hands do as much of the work of two as he could.'

'But how did he get to be coachman, sir?'

'Oh, after a bit, a new gardener came. He was a young man and did not need so much help as the old one, and Jack was more in the stable. He was always a boy who wanted to know all about what he was doing. He had a great love of animals, too, and would read anything he could get hold of about them ; and when his mistress saw how much he cared for his work, she told the coachman to take him out and teach him to drive. After a bit, she used to say : "Oh, Jack can drive this evening ; Cox is getting too old to turn out from the fireside so late ;" or "Jack can take the children out in the pony cart this morning," till by and

by when Cox died, and his master had to look out for a new coachman, Jack asked for the place.

'"I don't think you know enough about it, Jack, to trust the horses entirely to your care," said his master, "and you are still almost too young, but I will think about it, and meanwhile try what you can do for a month."

'Jack thanked his master, and all that month he had not an idle moment. The horses had never been so well brushed, the harness so bright or the place so well kept before. At the end of the month his master told him that he might keep the place if he went on as well as he had begun, so that is how Jack Lee the shop boy became Jack Lee the coachman. It was hard work you see, Jem, that did it; not much luck there.'

'No, sir,' said Jem.

'That story did the boy good,' said Mr. Mills some days after. 'Jem is not a bad boy, but he is a bit lazy and apt to grumble at what he is told to do. However, he has been thinking, I can see, and he has got a bit more industrious already. He begins to see the use of work, now. I should not wonder if I made something of him after all.'

## CHAPTER XIII.

### BE ORDERLY.

Hymn 110 :—

BEHOLD ! the lofty sky
Declares its maker God ;
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same ;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

In every different land,
Their general voice is known ;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And order of his throne.

'Let all things be done decently and in order.'—*1 Cor.* xiv. 40.

IN order ! That means everything in its right place. What a confusion and fuss it makes when things are in their wrong places. What a waste of time and trouble it is too to get them back into their right places.

If you are in a hurry to get off to school and you cannot find your books, how you turn over everything, make the drawers all in a mess, tease everyone to help you to look, and perhaps have to go off without them after all, and all because you did not put the books away in their right place yesterday.

A place for everything and everything in its place—that is order.

In God's work there is always beautiful order. Who knows what the first chapter of the Bible is about?

It tells how this great round world on which we live, was at first without any shape and quite empty, and then how God put all things in their right places. First of all he divided the light from the darkness to make night and day, then the dry land and the water for earth and sea.

By and by came the plants, then the animals, beginning with the fishes and the birds, and going on to all the big animals that live upon the earth. Who can tell me some?

Last of all came man and woman. Adam and Eve. This story in Genesis is very wonderful, but the way God really works is more wonderful still. God took a great deal more than six days to make our world,—yes, more than six years, or six thousand years,—for He is always making it. It is not finished yet, and the more we know about it the more we see how much order there is in it.

Let us look at some of God's work.

Unpack a horse-chestnut bud. Outside there is a hard, brown, sticky covering. This is to keep the wet out, that the little leaves may be dry. Inside that

comes a woolly coat to keep them warm, inside again are the little leaves, not crumpled up anyhow, but carefully folded, so that when the bud bursts and they come out into the sunshine, they can spread into their right shape and soon grow big and strong.

Look at a pod of peas. You never find the pod not able to shut because the peas are all in a heap, do you?

Here are some verses about neatness, from Uncle John's Songs and Hymns for the little ones:

How neatly all the seeds are laid
Within the ripening pod;
How carefully the cells are made.
This is the work of God.

The lining is not harsh and rough,
But soft and polished well;
Each little seed has room enough,
Within its tiny cell.

How carefully the sides are closed
Against the winds and rain;
For if the seeds were left exposed,
They would not grow again.

There's no disorder anywhere
In what my Father does;
He condescends to make with care
The smallest flower that grows.

Be, therefore, neat, my little friend,
In everything you do;
And it shall to your comfort tend,
And to your profit, too.

These verses speak of the order in seeds and flowers, but there is also most wonderful order in the way our bodies and the bodies of other animals are made, which I hope you will learn more of as you grow older.

Some other sorts of order in God's work you know quite well, though perhaps you will not think of them till I tell you.

Spring always comes before summer, does it not? and the green blades of corn come up in the spring. If winter sometimes came after spring, or the young leaves were by chance to come out in the autumn, they would be killed by the cold before they had time to bear corn, but the seasons and the coming up of the plants are always in order.

Then God keeps the sun and the stars and the earth moving in their right places, so that they shall not run into one another, and night and day shall always come in turn. How strange it would be if you never knew which to expect next, day or night, but God's work is always in order.

There is an old saying, 'Order is Heaven's first law,' but it is not always children's first law.

Sometimes children bring a torn book to school and say, 'Please, baby did it.' But how did baby get the book? Was it not lying on the floor, or on a chair where she could reach it, and is that the proper place for a book?

Do you think a hat is a good thing for a kitten to sit on? I don't believe the kitten thought so when I found her on mine the other day. She did not look at all comfortable, but the hat was on the chair she always sat on, and as there was no room on the chair she got on my hat.

Being untidy is bad in two ways, you see; first, you lose time in looking for things, if they are not in their right places; secondly, they get spoilt by being in their wrong places.

Then who likes to see an untidy child.

Nobody, I hope.

A little girl once came to school with buttonholes all the way down her frock bodice, but only two buttons. A few pins were stuck in here and there, but between these the frock gaped open. Her clothes were not in order, I am sure.

One little girl I know has pretty, light curls.

Whatever time of day it is, that little girl's curls are always smooth and neat, but some children's hair is always in disorder, hanging over their ears or into their eyes. Which looks best?

There is another sort of order besides tidiness. Have you ever watched soldiers marching, how each one keeps in place and marches in step?

When you walk in your school procession you find how hard it is to keep exact order. Sometimes you get out of line, sometimes you have to run to keep up, but soldiers do not do that. They are trained to march in order, that is to say, they are taught to do it, and then they practise it so often that it becomes easy.

You are taught to be orderly in something the same way. At day school you do everything by word of command: 'Show hands,' 'Desks,' 'In.' You know all the orders better than I do. When there is a perfect babel of voices round the Christmas-tree, and the bell rings, there is silence in a moment. Each one obeys instantly and there is perfect order.

When little children first come to school they do not understand this. One day a little boy came to school for the first time. He had lived so far away that he could not come till he was rather big, and his mother

said to the mistress, 'I am afraid he will not do what you tell him.' 'He must,' said the mistress. When school began this boy was told to go to the class-room, but he saw his bigger brother going the other way and followed him. The mistress stopped him and again told him to go to the infant class. The boy screamed and kicked, but he had to go, and next day he was quite orderly and did not try to go his own way again.

I will tell you a story of soldiers who obeyed orders perfectly, even in the face of death. The ship *Birkenhead* was carrying a number of soldiers with their wives and children when she struck on a rock. The rock made a big hole in her side, and water came rushing in. In a very short time the ship must sink, and all those who could not get away be drowned. There were *some* boats, but not nearly enough for everyone. Orders were given for the men to stand in line on deck, the boats must be for the women and children. The soldiers stepped into their places as if they had been on drill, and there they stood quietly while the women and children got into the boats. The ship sank under them and they were drowned, but no one will forget the soldiers of the *Birkenhead* who died at their posts in perfect order.

Almost the same thing happened this year, only this story has a good ending. The ship *Warren Hastings*, like the *Birkenhead*, was carrying soldiers with their families, when she struck on the rocks. Instead of each one rushing to try and save themselves they all obeyed the command, 'Women and children first,' and there was perfect order. The men stood still while the women and children were got off, I believe by a ladder,

to the rocks, one at a time. At last, when they were all safe, came the order, 'Now the men,' and each man took his turn, steadily one after the other, no one rushing to be first, till all were saved.

You are not soldiers, but there are times when you ought to behave like soldiers and obey the word of command and stand in order as soldiers do.

Perhaps you are going by train for your school-treat. If you all crowd and push to get into the railway carriages some will be knocked down, some will be squeezed and hurt, and some very likely left behind, but you march to the station in order, and get in as your word of command comes. Then all will be right. By and by the signal for tea sounds. If you were all to rush in and help yourselves to cake some would be sure to be pushed out and get none, but you sit down in order, then all are served in turn.

When a large number of children are together, whether it is at a treat or in school, the only way to have good order is for each one to keep his right place and do what he is told. But you will grow too big for school by and by. You will not always have someone at hand to tell you what to do; and one thing we want you to learn in Sunday school is to be orderly without wanting to be told every minute.

You know quite well you ought not to talk in chapel, but you do sometimes, when you think teacher is not looking. Is that right? You know you ought to go quietly to your class, not rush and tumble over one another. You know you ought to be orderly in class, not all talking at once, nor complaining, 'Teacher, she pinched me,' or slapping one another. You don't do

those things at day-school and you ought not to do them in Sunday school. I wish I could make every little child feel that it ought to do right always, not only when someone is looking on.

Be orderly in every sense of the word.

Let *all* things be done decently and in order.

## EVA'S PARTY.

THREE little faces were pressed against the bars of the gate, looking in.

The sun beat down fiercely on the children. The road, shut in between the high walls of gardens on either side, was as dry and hot as the little court the children had left. 'What is the use of coming out to-day?' said Tom, 'this old road is like an oven.'

'It's much too hot to get as far as the fields. I wish we might go in there,' said Rose, peeping in again through the gate. 'How lovely and cool it looks under the trees.'

'Suppose we do,' said Tom, 'there's no one there and we won't do any harm.'

'Oh no, I dare not,' said Rose, 'they would see us from the house and perhaps there is a dog.' Rose was a little coward and very much afraid of dogs.

'Besides,' said Grace, 'it is not our garden, and we ought not to go in without leave.'

On a bench in a shady corner sat a lady, reading, and beside her on the grass a little girl making a daisy chain. 'Run down to the gate, Eva,' said her mother, looking up from her book, 'and see if father is coming.'

Eva put down her daisy chain, and walked soberly along the broad path. The gate had been hidden from

where she and her mother sat, but now she saw the children. When they saw her they started up to run away, but she called, 'Don't run away, what were you doing?'

Rose stood with her head bent down, too shy to speak, but Grace said: 'It looked so cool and nice under the trees, and it is so hot out here, we thought there would be no harm in peeping in.'

'Would you like to come in? Stay there a moment and I will run and ask mother if you may,' and without waiting for an answer Eva ran up the path more quickly than she had come down.

'Well dear,' said her mother, 'is father coming?'

'No, mother, at least I forgot to look, but there are three little children at the gate, and it is so hot out in the road, may they come in under the trees?'

'What children are they?'

'I don't know, but they look nice little children, mother, and we have all this big garden, and it would be kind to let them come in, wouldn't it? May they?'

'I will come down to the gate with you and see,' and mother put her book down on the seat and got up.

The three little ones stood close together, just outside the gate. Mrs. Howard looked at them, and saw at a glance that they were clean and neat. She thought too that she had seen them somewhere before.

A few questions soon made her sure. Their mother was an honest, hard-working woman, who did her best to make her children so too, and her mind was quickly made up.

'If you come in here,' she said, 'can I trust you to do no harm?'

'Yes, ma'am,' said Grace.

'Very well, then, you may walk quietly on the paths, or sit on the grass, but you must not touch the flowers or trample on the flower-beds, or go at all through that door at the back. As long as you are quiet and orderly I am glad that you should enjoy my garden; but if you are disorderly and run about where you are told not, and spoil my plants, you must go at once.'

'Eva, go with them and show them where they may go. Show them, too, where the swing is, and give them each a swing if they like it.'

The three little strangers walked silently, too shy at first to speak, but Eva chattered away as she showed them about.

'I am sorry to disturb this happy little party,' said Mrs. Howard, some while after, coming up to the group under the oak tree, 'but it is time for you children to be going home now.'

'Oh, mother,' said Eva, 'it can't be late yet, and Rose has not finished her daisy chain, and we are just in the middle of a story.'

'It is your tea time, Eva, and Mrs. Brown will not know what has become of her children. I think they must go now.'

'Then may they come again another day?'

Three eager little faces looked up for the answer. Yes or no meant so much to them.

'Have they been orderly?' said Mrs. Howard.

'Oh, yes, mother, they have been as good as they could be.'

'Then they may come on Sundays, when afternoon

school is over, as long as the hot weather lasts, that is if they keep to rules. The first time I find any mischief done I must stop their coming. Do you understand, children?'

'Yes ma'am, thank you very much,' said Grace; say thank you, Rosie, and come along, Tom.'

'We can finish the story on Sunday then. Mind you come in good time,' said Eva. 'I shall be waiting for you.'

'Thank you, miss. We will be sure to come.'

'Thank you kindly, ma'am, for having the children in the garden yesterday,' said Mrs. Brown, as she put down the great basket of clothes for a moment on her way to the back door, 'they did so enjoy it, and are looking forward to Sunday. 'Tis a treat for them. I so often wish I had even a little place where they could play away from the street, but 'tis no use to wish, and there's many worse off than we.'

'I am afraid it is so,' said Mrs. Howard. 'I have been thinking of those pale-faced little girls of Mrs. Gales, next door to you, would they like to come up on Sunday with your children, do you think?'

'Yes ma'am. I am sure they would, and mine would be proud to bring them on.'

As the weeks went on, one child after another was added to Eva's Sunday party, and very happy times they were for the little town children; but one Sunday trouble came to spoil them.

Eva was standing by the swing to keep order, for there were many children now, and sometimes one would push in and crowd out another whose turn it was.

She was so busy that she did not see that some of the children had run off to another part of the garden.

Amongst these were two little brothers, who had not long been added to the party.

'Joe,' said Dick, 'there is a jolly tree with long branches near the ground, come on, and I will push you up, and we can swing on that just as well as the swing.'

Up Joe went, and Dick was soon beside him. Up and down, up and down. It was great fun. Soon some more children ran by, and two more climbed on; but the branch that would bear two, was not strong enough for four. As they swung up and down there was a crack, and off went the four boys in a heap.

They were not hurt, for the branch was not a high one, but the tree was, for there lay the fresh green bough on the ground, broken quite off.

The boys looked at one another in a fright, and ran off that they might not be caught near the tree. Of course they ought to have gone and told at once, but they were not good boys, and thought only of saving themselves from blame.

Joe and Dick wandered on, and soon found themselves under the wall, close to the forbidden door.

'I say, Joe, did you see that bird fly out of the ivy? There must be a nest there. Hold me up, do, and let me see.'

Joe got Dick up on his shoulders, but even so he was not tall enough.

'Put your foot in that hole and take hold of the ivy, then you can pull yourself up a bit higher.

Dick grasped the ivy, but as was to be expected, down he came, bringing a great green mat of leaves with

him. But he had seen the bird's nest, and something else too; for one instant he had had his head above the wall, and seen what was inside the forbidden door.

'That's the fruit garden, Joe,' he said, 'hoist me up again, I do believe I can get over.'

Time after time they tried, the poor ivy getting more and more pulled down, and the flower border below trampled with many footprints, but all in vain, they could not get in.

Next morning as Eva and her parents sat at breakfast the gardener came to the door, and asked to speak to Mrs. Howard.

'Those children did a lot of mischief yesterday, ma'am. I find there is a branch broken from the cedar tree, and some boys have been trying to get over the wall, for the ivy is torn down, and the plants trampled to pieces.'

'Oh, mother,' said Eva, 'and now they cannot come again,' and she burst into tears.

'I was afraid they were getting too many to keep an eye on,' said her mother. 'If only they would be orderly of themselves there would be no trouble, but we cannot have such damage as this done. They must not come again.'

'Not any of them, mother?' pleaded Eva.

'I do not quite say that. If we can find out who are really to be trusted we will see, but disorderly ones do not deserve it.

Next Sunday no children enjoyed the pretty garden. A sad little group stood round while Mrs. Howard explained what had happened, and when she had found out who were really to blame, they all went quietly home.

But the week after the rest of the children came back, and when at last the winter put an end to the happy afternoons, Mrs. Howard was able to say: 'No more damage has been done. We have found out now who are the orderly children, who will do what is right whether they are watched or not, and those children we are glad to make happy.'

## CONCLUSION.

NOW we have come to the end of our little book, DO THE RIGHT, and there are two short words which sum up all you have learnt in it: *Be Good.*

Each chapter has told us of one way of being good, and though some ways are more important than others, we need them all.

Now while you are children, and all your lives through, be truthful, be honest, be obedient, be helpful, be fair, be good-tempered, be cheerful, be brave, be patient, be clean, be punctual, be industrious, be orderly; you will then *Be Good*, and will help to make other people good too.

THE END.

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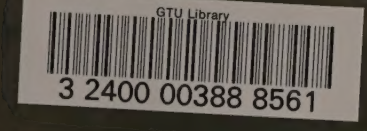


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